

THE
 MISCELLANEOUS and WHIMSICAL
 LUCUBRATIONS
 OF
 Lancelot Poverty-struck,
 An unfortunate Son of *APOLLÔ*;
 And Author of the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

Adapted to the present TIMES.

*While drowsy Authors slowly scribble,
 Lampoons on ev'ry Flash and Fribble;
 Tho' dull is ev'ry Line they've hinted,
 'Tis plain they get their Nonsense printed.*

*I, in a more exalted manner,
 Have rais'd my everlasting Banner;
 Whether against the Court or City,
 I'll stand to't all I've wrote is witty.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by the Booksellers
 in Town and Country. MDCCLVIII.

[Price 2s. 6 p. stitch'd.]



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TO NO-BODY.

S I R,

AS you are a Gentleman that has got no Body, and as I am an Author that has got no Brains, out of the Abundance of my tiresome Nonsense, I stupidly concluded that you were the properest Person that I could apply to for Protection.—How ready you are to encourage every one of our modern Scribblers, some thousands of your devoted Slaves are able and willing to testify—Generous Sir, it is well known, that not only Grubstreet, but half the Garrets in this Metropolis, have long rung of your Bounty—Your unparalleled Goodness can never be too often express'd—especially by Lancelot.—How gloriously you rewarded him t'other Day, when you disfigured, destroyed, and disjointed his Nutshell Cabinet of Curiosities, will one Day or other be made known to the World: or if not the World in general, to Mr. Somebody at Arthur's Chocolate-House—which every one knows, is not far from the Blue Posts in Bond-Street.—I could make a great Number of Discoveries, which I am very certain would be worth your Honour's Notice—and that you have a larger Share of Honour than either the House of L——ds or C——ns, it is commonly reported.—Dear Sir, I know I can rely on your Friendship
ship

DEDICATION.

ship—I flatter myself that you will do me all the Service that lies in your Power—That you will take fifty Books, at least, off my Hands, I make no Manner of Doubt; and if ever I should have the good Fortune to get a Dramatic Piece licens'd, I am sure you would clap heartily—and you'd give me twenty or thirty Guineas for the Copy, even after it 'twas damn'd.—Oh! what a Man you must be?—Whenever I reflect on any single Virtue that you possess—— I am quite lost in an Abyss of Thought—What a fine Admiral you are at Sea—What a brave General in the Field—What a wise and profitable Scheemer at Home—What a Parson in the Pulpit—What a Counsellor at Law—What a Doctor of Physic——What a Judge on the Bench!—How vigorously you oppress Vice and Immorality—and how strenuously you uphold the Banner of Virtue—How excessive fond you are of Sermons; and how your religious Soul loaths Balls and Plays——What a great Promoter and Encourager you are of Trade—What a Rewarder of Ingenuity, and what—aye, what indeed is there that is fit to adorn a noble Soul, that your Honour is not possess'd of?—Therefore, let me beg Leave to whisper myself,

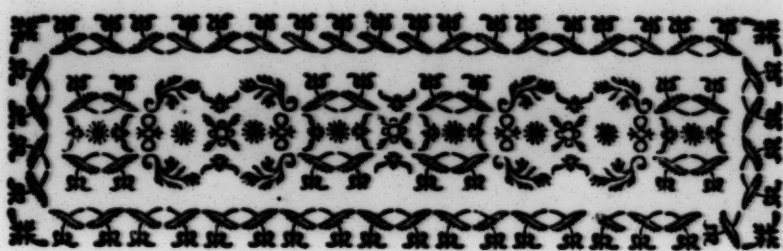
Your Honour's most Obedient,

And devoted humble Servant,

LANCELOT POVERTY-STRUCK;

Alias,

Mother MIDNIGHT's merry Grandson.



THE
WHIMSICAL and MISCELLANEOUS
LUCUBRATIONS
OF
LANCELOT POVERTY-STRUCK.

READER.

—D S! what a wretched Step you've
took!

Z. The very Title damns your Book.

Why, surely you was dreaming.

Well! now you'll certainly want Bread;

Oh! LANCELOT, thy shallow Head,

'Twas never made for scheming.

AUTHOR.

'Twas not indeed; my Friend you're right;
But with my Pen I'm forc'd to fight,

And try to get a Living;——

Because I'm d——d confounded poor,

And have but three Chances left in store,

To write — starve — or go a Thieving.

(2)

A DIALOGUE between CLIO and
LANCELOT.

CLIO.

A POLLO, pitying thy Case,
Sent me, his Daughter, to this Place,
With this full flowing Pitcher :
You are to take a hearty Suck,
Or else you'll never have good Luck,
Nor be one Farthing richer.

LANCELOT.

His *Recipe's* extremely odd ;
Sure he's a mighty filly God.
And are you the Fool his Daughter ?
What is it does your Minds bewitch,
To talk of Peoples getting rich,
By swilling their Guts with Water.

CLIO.

You are very ignorant and rude :
If you have any Gratitude,
I'm sure you ought to shew it.
This gen'rous Pitcher was design'd
To cultivate and fire your Mind,
And turn you into a Poet.

LANCELOT:

Oh ! Heavens, a'ter what is past,
Must I be drove to that at last ?

Z—ds!

(3)

Z——ds! how the World wou'd wonder!
I, that have hardly learnt to spell,
Turn Poet! —— S'death — the Devil and H—ll!
How I should blot and blunder.

C L I O.

Take a good Heart —— why there are some
That have at first from nothing come,
Who have gain'd great Reputation.
Take hold and drink —— begin to write,
You'll certainly get something by't:
Tho', 'tis a censuring Nation.

L A N C E L O T.

I can't write Verses —————

C L I O.

————— Try, begin:
When you are out, I'll put you in.

L A N C E L O T.

But I so much abhor it;
'T'as drove such Numbers to the Jails,
Who've scratch'd their Ears and bit their Nails,
And ne'er got nothing for it.

C L I O.

Pho! — you must cherish better Hope;
Mark SHAKESPEAR, DRYDEN, CONGREVE, POPE,
STEEL, ADDISON, and BEAUMONT,
With ROWE and LEE, and, O rare BEN!
Those witty, learn'd, ingenious Men —
Observe how lofty they mount.

B 2

L A N-

L A N C E L O T.

All these were to your Father Slaves ;
But G—D be thank'd they're in their Graves.
They have done with him and BACCHUS :
Their Drudgery has found an End ;
And, as for me, I ne'er intend
To be the Muses Jack-Afs.

C L I O.

Then you're determin'd to be poor.

L A N C E L O T.

Begone you little faucy W—re,
You'll never make me richer.

C L I O.

You are undeserving of my Aid.

L A N C E L O T.

Out of my Sight, you brazen Jade
Or else I'll break your Pitcher.

You puny-looking, filly Slut,
Why, if your Father 'd sent a Butt,
I'd not have drank one Spoonfull ;
Because there is a Pump hard by,
I can run to, when I am dry ;
And fill my Belly soon full.

If water 'd cultivate the Head,
I have liv'd three Weeks on that, and Bread ;

But

(5)

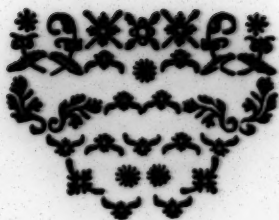
But the devil a Bit I'm nigher,
Either to getting Gold —— or Wit,
Which shews there's nothing at all in it,
And proves that you are a Lyar.

C L I O.

I thank you for your Compliment.

L A N C E L O T.

Nay, it's good enough — 'tis plain you're sent
On a very foolish Errand,
Your Labour had n't been in vain,
Had you brought a Bottle of Champaign,
I'd ha' seen it out I warrant.



T H E



THE P R E F A C E.

I Intended the foregoing Dialogue to serve for a Preface ; but, after I had compos'd it, I thought it not a sufficient Excuse, for hurrying into the World such a ridiculous, unfinish'd Piece as this is — therefore my further Intention is to inform all my Readers of the real Motive that induc'd me to publish this scandalous Volume. That tatter'd and despicable Whore, POVERTY — (who since the Commencement of this present War has so hastily overrun this former flourishing Nation) is the sole Cause of all this Mischief. — That detestable, barbarous, unmerciful and infernal Hag, having, by degrees, stript me from Top to Toe, at last fell most furiously on my Wife and Children ; and, in a very short Space of Time, made the most villainous Havock, that ever was seen in any Family since the Building of BABEL. — Being thus drove to my Shift, I implored the immediate Assistance of the curl-pated Pedant APOLLO ——— who upbraided me of using both him and his Daughter very ill. — My Plea was — that she came in the Height of all my Afflictions, even in the Midst of my Dishabille — To which I added — Heaven renounce me, if I wasn't almost naked, and so horridly confus'd in my Mind, that I knew
not

not what I said or did — Adding, that I might have knock'd any Body's Brains out, and thought all the while I'd been thrashing of Corn. — Aye, aye, says the grave Teacher, was your Condition so rueful as that? — Poor unhappy Devil, I pardon thee; — but don't so far mistake me, as to think that I will be your Protector; *that* I will not; — seek Protection from the Public. — You have got by you, at least, a Wheel-barrow full of Verses — send 'em to the Press, — there are those that will print any Thing — and those that will buy the worst that's printed. ALLY CROAKER had a great Run — the Town will excuse your want of *Elocution* — because you are a *Mechanic*; — and if they cannot brook your publishing what is tiresome to read, they must pity your Misfortune, that you are confirm'd a Dunce — and, out of Compassion to their Author, — whose Title solicits their Favour — afford that Assistance, which nothing but Merit ought to possess. —

Therefore be mindful of my Plan,
Be as expeditious as you can:
Sell your dull Nonsense to the Town,
But don't take less than half a Crown.
Consider, you'll not be the first
That's been for Imposition curst;
Nor when the Imposition's past,
Depend on't you'll not be the last.



THE
AUTHOR and the PRINTER.

A
DIALOGUE by Way of INTRODUCTION.

PRINTER.

BY Heaven—it's scandalous to have it printed!

POET.

Z—ds, Sir——when you perus'd it——sure you
[squinted.]

PRINTER.

Nay, pray, Sir, don't pretend to make a Clamour,
I'll soon convince you that it's all bad Grammar.

POET.

I wish I may be doom'd to have a Halter,
If I believe you ever learn'd your Psalter.

PRINTER.

Why, Sir, you're one of the most abusive Fellows
That e'er sat in the Stocks—or grac'd the Gallows.

POET.

True, Sir,—what then—it's nothing that's amazing,
To see a Printer, or a Poet brazen.

P R I N T E R.

Your humble Servant, Sir,—

P O E T.

—— Sir, your's again,
You're only spending of your Breath in vain ——
For by the Gods, I swear, it goes to Press!
'Sblood, Sir,—the World will soon the Reason guess.
The Fellow's poor, says they,——I say so too,
A poet poor ;——L—d, sure that's nothing new.

P R I N T E R.

Proud and illiterate,——will next come in.

P O E T.

Don't tell me, Sir,—pray, let them laugh that win.

P R I N T E R.

You shall have Rope enough, Sir—and I warrant,
If Ridicule you want, you'll get your Share on't.
To sell this paltry Stuff for half a Crown,
There can't well be a greater Cheat in Town :
I make no doubt, but soon as e'er its read,
That each Subscriber 'll come and break your Head.

C

T H E



THE
HUMBLE PETITION
OF
LANCELOT POVERTY-STRUCK,
TO
DAVID GARRICK, *Esq;*

Humbly sheweth,

YOUR poor Petitioner hath writ
In hopes to beg a Benefit,
'Cause none's in greater Need of it:

Hearing your Charity is great,
I judg'd, if I'd my Case relate,
That your Compassion 'twou'd create.

I dreamt that you had done the Thing,
And was as happy as a King:
Z——ds! — how I did begin to sing.

I caper'd —— but can't tell how high,
Tho' all the Bed-Cloaths off did fly;
I wak'd, and found 'twas all a Lye.

Oh!

Oh! th' eternal Gratitude
That I, to you, in Vision vow'd,
I thunder'd out your Praises loud.

I pray'd to Heaven fervently,
You might ne'er know what 'twas to die;
But like ELIJAH mount the Sky.

One Pray'r I never shall forget,
Which was, that you might SOLOM beat,
Both for his *Riches*, and his *Wit*.

Then I had several other Pray'rs,
One was for Health, and Length of Years:
In short, I pray'd till I shed Tears:

So much you have—by way of Preface:
And now the Author's dreadful Case,
Of Consequence must next take Place.

The Times are hard, and Tradings dead,
Money's grown scarce, and Friendship's fled,
And LANCELOT's in want of Bread.

He to support himself's not able:
For he, poor Soul, without a Fable,
Is really grown quite miserable.

What's worst of all — his Wife has took
A Fit at ev'ry Turn to p——k,
G——d knows how she'll her Matters cook.

She 'as got a Belly like a Tun,
And whimp'ring cries, I'm eight Months gone :
Tell me, dear Sir, what must be done.

If she shou'd chance to drop out *two* ?
Suppose I bring 'em both to you ;
Pray tell me how that Scheme wou'd do.

I hope you wou'd'nt swear and curse ;
But, Christian-like, provide a Nurse :
You know you might do Things that's worse.

Gad, I cou'd venture to engage,
As soon as e'er they came of Age,
They'd take a Liking to the Stage.

If I shou'd happen to be right,
'Twou'd make the Charges dev'lish light ;
Faith you might get a vast deal by't.

Besides, confider, LANCELOT,
To his Misfortune, woeful Thought !
Has two already starving got.

If his Wife's Name you'd know, 'tis SARAH,
He us'd to call'd her Duck and Deary ;
But Poverty makes Language vary.

When all the Day, without Success,
He has related his Distress,
His Trouble, Words cannot express.

Fatigu'd

Fatigu'd, the Wretch crawls home at Night,
Finds SARAH in a horrid Plight,
She has neither Victuals, Drink, nor Light.

The Children strait begin to mutter,
Daddy—— we want some Bread and Butter;
But not one Word he dares to utter.

Brimfull of Scripture, down they lay
Upon the Bed, — and fast and pray
For Strength enough to fast next Day.

The Parents sigh, — the Children weep;
A sharp and solemn Fast they keep,
And supperless fall fast asleep.

The Shops, with whom he us'd to tick,
Are grown imperious and sick,
And talk of giving Trouble quick.

Not one from bitter Threat'ning flinches;
While Cold and Hunger closely pinches,
And kills his Family by Inches.

His Landlord's Heart's as hard as Flint;
If there's one Grain of Mercy in't,
There never was a Lye in print.

Now had he such a Friend as RANGER
To save him from impending Danger,
Gods! —— there'd be Goodness in a Stranger.

The

The Muse wou'd for a Month read Lectures
On ROMEO, the best of Actors,
And noblest of all Benefactors.

APOLLO'd never let him sit
To study ; —— but wou'd give him Wit
To ornament each Line he writ.

He'd be caress'd by all the Nine ;
The Gods wou'd all in Council join
To make him, like themselves, divine.

Fortune wou'd steal from some rich Knave,
Enough to double what you gave
To me, your poor devoted Slave,

LANCELOT POVERTY-STRUCK.



An

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on

D escend, ye watchful Guardians of the Sky;
A nd keep my Benefactor in your Eye :
V se Tenderness to him — to Man unknown,
I nto his Soul — *his* gen'rous Soul alone,
D isperse the richest Blessings from your Throne. }

G o, surly Fate, you cannot hurt me now ;
A ll my Afflictions wear a milder Brow.
R ags flutter'd round me till immortal RANGER
R ent 'em, and bade me laugh at threat'ning Danger.
I f Gratitude the human Heart can bind,
C onscious I'll ever own him good and kind.
K eep this, ye Pow'rs celestial, in my Mind. }

Esq;

The B O T T L E - C O N J U R E R.*A* L A M P O O N.

W H E N Conjurers the Quality can bubble,
 And get their Gold with very little Trouble,
 By putting brazen Lies i' th' public Papers,
 Of jumping in Quart Bottles, and such like Vapours :
 Still further yet, if we the Matter strain,
 Wou'd pipe ye Tunes upon a Walking Cane :

Nay,

Nay, stranger Prodigies presum'd to shew,
Granams that dy'd an hundred Years ago.
 'Tis whimsical enough; what think ye, Sirs,
 The Quality can ne'er be Conjurers:
 The De'l a bit; no, let me speak, in brief,
 The Audience Fools, the Conjuror a Thief.

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on Mr.

P our down, ye Gods, choice Blessings on his Head;
A ngels protect and guard him round his Bed;
L et Health, long Life, and Riches be his Share;
M ake him, indulgent Heav'n, your daily Care.
E ternal Bliss preserve for him in Store;
R eward him, for relieving of the Poor.

L A N C E L O T *and* F A M E.

A D I A L O G U E.

I Charge thee, FAME, no longer sing,
 Of this great Hero, or that King,
 Which out thou hast been finding;
 Leave Gossiping alone To-day,
 And mark what I have got to say;
 Here's Business worth thy Minding.

Thou

Thou know'st me, FAME, pray dost thou not?
 Know thee — aye sure — thou'rt LANCELOT,
 With Poverty surrounded.

Thou art the most unhappy Man
 That has been since the World began,
 Or since the World was drowned.

Thou lyest, FAME, I am not so,
 Tho' all the World but one's my Foe,
 Their Malice can't me nettle;
 That one's a Favourite of thine,
 Whether he's mortal or divine,
 I'll leave to thee to settle.

He views Distress with pitying Eyes,
 Does with the Wretched sympathize,
 And bids 'em fear no Danger:
 He visits Souls o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
 And when he visits brings Relief;
 His Name is honest RANGER.

Phoo, phoo, cries FAME, — what's here to do?
 Thou tell'st me nothing that is new,
 Nor nothing that amazes:
 I long to spread, from Pole, to Pole,
 The matchless Virtues of his Soul,
 And lavish out his Praises.

Thou may'st depend on't, LANCELOT,
 RANGER shall never be forgot,
 Says FAME, I'm honest-hearted;
 The gen'rous Man shall have his Due;
 I'd scorn to tell a Lye to you.
 So they shook Hands, and parted.

APOLLO *and* LANCELOT.

A DIALOGUE.

APOLLO. t'other Day, it seems,
For Gods sometimes have got strange Whims,
Came down to pay a Visit
To LANCELOT, who liv'd of late
In a forlorn dejected State :
APOLLO cry'd, How is it ?

Says LANCELOT, 'twas never worse,
I've got an ailing Girl to nurse,
And that's bad, let me tell ye.
My Boy, you see, has lost his Fat ;
A very dismal Story that :
Then look at SARAH's Belly !

Hard Fate ! APOLLO — very hard.
Pray who the De'l wou'd be a Bard !
Oh ! damn your jilting Daughters.
Curse light upon your present Pay,
If 'tis to starve Day after Day,
And have such hell-born Quarters.

Patience ! APOLLO strait replies ;
And Water-gruel, t'other cries,
Are Virtues quite prevailing.
Pray hold your Tongue, reply'd the God,
And you shall hear how mighty odd
You'll find a Friend in * GALEN.

* GALEN, Dr. MONSEY, of Chelsea Ho'spital.

Oh ! worfe and worfe, quoth LANCELOT :
Phyſick ! for Heaven's ſake for what,
 To make our Bodies thinner ?
His Phyſick won't by us be took,
S'death and nowns ! we want a Cook,
 To dreſs a Bit of Dinner.

The God reply'd, I know that's true :
Quoth t'other, 'tis'nt a Sign you do,
 Or elſe you'd ſave a Bur'ing :
Here I'm with Hunger grown quite ſick,
And not one Shop will let me tick
 The Value of a Herring.

But, ſays APOLLO — let me ſpeak ;
'Twill be ſo but another Week.
 Oh ! Tortures, cry'd the Poet.
Hell and Deſtruction ! are you ſure
I'm doom'd to faſt full ſeven Days more ?
 'Twas Death to let me know it.

APOLLO, ſmiling in his Face,
Reply'd — Why, 'tis a horrid Caſe ;
 'Tis damnable provoking.
You've won my Pity, I declare ;
Now, by the River STYX I ſwear,
 I'll ſtand no longer joking.

Pull out your Ink, ſnatch up your Pen,
For GALEN is the beſt of Men ;
 Write ſomething ſmart and pretty :

Tho' he perhaps may d—n your B—d,
Trust me, you'll find his Heart is good ;
His Breast is full of Pity.

Of doing Good he's very fond ;
Whene'er he speaks, his Word's his Bond ;
His Looks his Mind betoken :
Not like some Sycophants in Pow'r,
Who make new Promises each Hour,
Which ev'ry Hour is broken.

He'll bluntly let you know his Mind,
And seem most harsh, when most he's kind :
Come on — begin your Verses.
Then you must furnish me with Wit,
Or ten to one but I may get,
Instead of Praise, his Curses.

AFOLLO cry'd — Oh ! LANCELOT,
Now I'm convinc'd you know him not,
Tho' great's his Education ;
He boasts not that, nor ever tries
To banter, pun, or criticise,
People in your low Station.

Nor has the Doctor got the Vice
To be fantastically nice ;
He'll pass your Want of Spirit.
Plain simple Truth his Taste will hit ;
Your Poverty shall be your Wit,
Distress — your greatest Merit.

ODE on Mr. GARRICK's
INDISPOSITION.

SA Y mighty Fate, what is my Crime,
Let me the Question ask in Rhyme ;
What is it thou art doing ?
Thou hast been kind, I must allow ;
But Reason loudly tells me now,
Thou'rt bent upon my Ruin.

In promising a constant Friend,
I thought you'd mock me in the End ;
A Curse upon your Favour !
Fate let me tell you, in these Lines,
Thou hast got villainous Designs ;
Most scurrilous Behaviour.

It wou'd have been more kind be sure,
To visit such as cheat the Poor,
And hourly have transgressed ;
Not like a Murderer and Thief,
Assault a Man that yields Relief,
To such as are distressed.

Depend on't, Fate, you'll never thrive,
For M——p, P——r, W——d, C——e,
Miss M——k——n, C——r, P——d ;
With Twenty more that I cou'd write,
Will owe you an eternal Spite,
If you should kill KING RICHARD.

God

God bleſs me,—when the Devil,—ha!
 Shall we find one that's fit to play
 Like him,—— oh, never! never!
 Hark,——hear the Quality cries out,
 Fate, d'ye know what your about?
 Don't ruin us for ever.

Ye fortune-telling Orbs of Light,
 Set this important Matter right,
 I humbly do implore ye;
 Free ROMEO from Death's ſubtle Snares,
 That all the Poets and the Play'rs
 May rev'rence and adore ye.

THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO APOLLO:
 Occaſion'd by the SUBSCRIBERS coming in
 but ſlow, and the PRINTER ſending for the
 Paper, or Six Pounds.

FINE talking, faith!—pox take your Scheme,
 'Twont take—I'm wak'd out of my Dream.
 Thank Heaven,——and all the Gods but You,
 Write, ha!——Yes, damn it,——but for who?
 If 'tis'nt too much Trouble, look
 Into my Memorandum Book,
 There, without Spectacles, you'll ſee,
 How fat in Time I'm like to be,
 And how much I'm oblig'd to thee.

}
 Nay,

Nay, open it,——don't be afraid ;
 You see I drive a roaring Trade ;
 They've all paid Eighteen-pence a-piece :
 Lud, what a charming Thing is this !
 How many is there ?——Count 'em o'er,
 I warrant thirteen,—if not more :
 Thank'ee *Apollo*,—thank'ee twice
 Good lack ! Well blefs me,—this is nice.
 Come, holla, Boys, one loud Huzza ;
 Oh, 'twas a very lucky day !
 Lucky, I mean, the backward Way ;
 When first my Brains were turn'd to Rhyme.
 Plague rot the Muses,—damn the Time ;
 Wou'd he were in the Hangman's Cart,
 That first found out the Printing Art.
 Oh ! that I cou'd but snatch your Lyre,
 It soon should be behind the Fire ;
 While you sit laughing in your Sleeve,
 I find you'd have Mankind believe
 That you're a God,——pray be so civil,
 Henceforth to own yourself a Devil :
 'Tis evident you've ruin'd me,
 A pregnant Wife,——and Children three ;
 And we unanimous agree,
 To damn you very heartily.
 Therefore you see by my Behaviour,
 I've no Pretences to your Favour.
 So, so, you knit your Brows I see ;
 'Egad its all the same to me ;
 I value not your four Looks,
 Not I,—scratch me out of you're Books.

Faith

Faith I shall give you what's your own :
 Your Usage would provoke a Stone.
 Thirteen Subscribers ! only guess
 If ever that will pay the Press.
 The Printer sent an Hour ago ;
 And what d'ye think he wants to know ?
 What even to repeat's a Sin,
When I can send the Paper in.
 The Fellow seeing me look quere,
 On such a griping, close Affair,——
 In various Forms drew up his Phiz,
 And cry'd, what don't the Message please ?
 Then thus began to run his Game,
 My Master says its all the same,
 If you can muster up Six Pound :
 Says I, they've both a genteel Sound.
 Unless your Master's void of Sense,
 He certainly must mean Six Pence ;
 For, the very Lining of my Coat,
 Can witness I'm not worth a Groat.
 And till I find a better Friend
 Than you,—the Times will never mend.



An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on

I f ever Virtue fir'd the human Breast,
O r Godlike Actions ever were exprest,
H ere gen'rous Heaven fix'd the Work divine,
N or can angelic Bodies greater shine.

R eader read right, you'll see his name exprest;
I f you can imitate him you'll be blest;
C arefully guard him all ye ruling Pow'rs,
H appy and long make all his future Hours.

Esq;

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on Sir

I ndulgent Heaven, hear my last Request,
O h! may this gen'rous Patriot be blest:
H ow good he's been to me in Infant Years,
N ature speaks loud enough to ring the Spheres.

P repare your Harps—ye ever tuneful Nine,
H armonious found 'em, let his Praises shine.
I f a corrupted, base, inglorious Train
L ong Time inur'd to Vice, and sordid Gain,
I s tir'd of Frauds,—and wou'd their Morals mend,
P ut off their Avarice—and serve their Friend,
P rove to their King, and to their Country true,
S ir JOHN, they'll do it, when they copy you.

E

An

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on Alderman

*B*ehold the Man, renown'd for doing Good,
*L*oudly Fame speaks him born of noble Blood !
*A*mbition never fir'd his God-like Mind,
*K*in to no Knavery, just to all Mankind.
*I*n him, *Britannia* finds a faithful Son,
*S*tanch to his Country, by no Brib'ry won.
*T*rue to his Promise,—has no selfish Aim,
*O*n Courts depends not, seeks not after Fame ;
*N*o Doubt but all that read this know his Name. }

The STAYMAKER'S ADDRESS
 to the LADIES.

BEhold, fair Ladies of this Nation,
 The useful'st Man in God's Creation ;
 'Tis I that can with wond'rous Art,
 To you a Shape and Air impart.
 I am the Man, come soon or later,
 That baffles all the Spite of Nature.
 She that is like a Sixpence bent,
 Has now no Reason to repent ;
 Tho' like the worst of Billets winding,
 Ladies, it is'nt worth your minding ;
 Repair to me, 'tis in my Pow'r
 To make you straight in half an Hour.

Hump-

Hump-back'd I ne'er attempt in vain,
 But bring the Mountain to a Plain.
 Materials, I've the best in Town,
 Which far and near spread my Renown;
 Some Bunglers who thread the Needle,
 May for your Custom cringe and wheedle;
 May tell ye half a thousand Lies,
 But are asham'd to advertise.
 I make this publick Application,
 Only because it is the Fashion;
 Or else the Devil a Bit I'd vapour
 In this, or any publick Paper.
 Ladies I always scorn to boast,
 Tho' they all know I rule the Roast.
 Let vile Pretenders do their worst,
 I am in Workmanship the first;
 And me the wond'ring World shall praise,
 Not for my Tongue, but making Stays.

The JILT, a New SONG.

TO smell *Corinna* in the Morn,
 Before the Goddess does adorn
 With Patch, Perfume and Paint,
 Gods! what a nauseous frowzy Stench,
 Z——ds who'd but think a Cinder Wench
 Might make a sweeter Saint.

Corinna in the Afternoon,
 As soft as *May*, as sweet as *June*,
 The bravest Fellow scorns ;
 But who'd the jilting Goddess wed,
 With Hopes to win a Maiden-head,
 And get a Pair of Horns ?

A P O E M

ON THE

DAY of J U D G M E N T.

NOW, by Command of Him, who all Things
 [made,
 Archangels Trumpets sound to wake the Dead.
 The foaming Ocean renders up her All,
 The Earth no less obedient to his Call.
 The Poor from Elm soar to the lofty Skies,
 The Rich from costly Marble Tombs arise.
 The Rich, the Poor—anon together meet,
 Trembling before the dire tribunal Seat.
 God's large Account-Book now is open laid,
 And ev'ry Mortal's Secrets are display'd.
 The Righteous are in heavenly Mansions blest,
 But Hell's eternal Tyrant claims the rest.

VERSES

VERSES occasion'd by the COUNTESS of
COVENTRY falling from her Horse in
Hyde-Park.

OH! that immortal *Milton* had been there,
To view the Fall of one so heavenly fair;
So Chaste, so Virtuous, so devoid of Art,
So just, so good, so bright in ev'ry Part.
The lofty Bard wou'd then have sung so well,
That the first Fall he sung, he wou'd excell.

LANCELOT'S WILL.

FINDING myself extreamly ill,
I thought I'd better make my Will;
Because, sometimes, when People die,
Disputes with Legatees run high:
Which Discord, Noise and Tumult brings;
But I'll prevent such Sort of Things.
Come hither, *Sarab*,—come my Dear,
See what your Husband's doing here:
This is my Will—without one Flaw,
You'll find it all stand good in Law.
Call Neighbour *Tommy* in,—go, run,
And *Tommy*'ll witness what I've done.
Oh! here he is,—aye, faith he's here,
Talk of Old Nick, his Imps appear.
Come, sit down, *Sarab*,—sit down, *Tom*,
'Egad I'm very glad you're come.

Believe

Believe me, *Tom*,—I'm going to die,
 Nay,—how's all this? Fye, *Tommy*, fye;
 Pray pull your Finger from your Eye,
 Why, what a Fool you are to cry!
 What, *Sall*,—are you a sniv'ling too,
 Ah,—what a coaxing slut are you!
 Pray, *Sarab*, your Dissembling smother,
 You'll not be long without another;
 But don't mistake,—I'd have you know it,
 I do not mean another Poet.
 No, no,—I warrant you'll take more care,
 Aye,—aye,—'gad you're no Fool my Dear:
 You by Experience know—I'm sure
 That Poets are confounded poor,
 Without a Lie, it may be said
 You've oft gone supperless to Bed,
 And Bread and Butter's been the Tune,
 With the Children often till high Noon;
 But I shan't have it in my Power,
 To see you so above an Hour.
 I know my time,—so must prepare,
Sall, bring some Gin:—Now *Tom* give Ear,
 See this, that's like a Broker's Bill,
 Is thy old Pot Companion's Will:
Item, My Bedstead full of Bugs,
 One Sheet,—one Blanket,—two old Rugs,
 One Shirt and Half, that's all my Linnen;
 A batter'd Sauce-pan that wants tinning;
 A Pair of rotten Stocking Breeches,
 That have more Vermin in, than Riches;
 One Pair of Stockings—but so, so,
 A Wig flux'd up at *Middle-row*.

A Hat without a Button or Loop,
 Boil'd well, wou'd make delicious Soup:
 A Pair of Shoes—or Sandals rather,
 That want both Soles, and Upper Leather.
 An old Hearth Brush, without a Handle,
 A Candlestick, and half a Candle.
 Two Knives, like Saws—quite clumsy made,
 One wants a Handle——t'other a Blade.
 A Poker shap'd extreamly odd,
 Made of a broken Curtain Rod:
 A Pair of Tongs, that meet so vile,
 To use 'em always makes one smile:
 A Shovel, quite beyond Dispute,
 That e'er you'll find the Fellow to't.
 A Pair of Bellows—but the Snout
 Is lost—some how, by dropping out;
 An Iron Pottage-Pot and Ladle,
 With an old Eighteen-penny Cradle;
 And three young Brats, that's always screaming,
 I leave my Wife,——the best of Women.





THE
SENTIMENTS of a MOB;
OR, THE
UNACCOUNTABLE MURDER.

A Comi-Tragi P O E M, in HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

ALL you that love to gather News,
At the Hazard of wearing out your Shoes,
Pray travel to *Southampton-street*,
The Journey'll not fatigue your Feet ;
For I heard a Basket Woman say,
'Tis but a very little Way :
How far, it matters not a Farthing ;
It lies somewhere, by *Covent-Garden*,
Among a Mob, that's gaping there,
Depend upon't, more Lies you'll hear,
Than ever there were Lamps or Lights,
Hung out on ten rejoycing Nights.
At Four o'Clock, this fatal Morning,
Lieutenants take it for a Warning!
For, as the Watchman tells the Story,
'Tis very shocking, I assure you ;
He in a hollow Tone declares,
Nay, by his broken Lanthorn swears,

A Gentleman, confounded drunk,
 Was horn mad after a nasty Punk :
 The House was all shut up and quiet,
 When he began to rave and riot ;
 It's enough to set one's Heart a-aching,
 To read the Consequence of raking :
 By playing some unruly Trick,
 He down the Area dropt his Stick ;
 And after it took too much Pains,
 Mounting the Rails,—with addl'd Brains ;
 For soon as e'er he'd reach'd the Top,
 He tumbl'd down, and ne'er got up !
 This swore the Watchman, and some more,
 And this was what three Sailors swore ;
 If 'twas a Lie, without Dispute,
 They'd not have told it, and swore to't.
 The Inquest—this employ'd their Thought in,
 And, *accidental Death* 'twas brought in.
 What Planet rul'd that fatal Hour,
 To tell, I have'nt in my Pow'r ;
 But all th' Inhabitants on Earth,
 Allow 'twas one of little worth.
 But don't imagine I have done,
 My Poem is but just begun ;
 'Tis long,—tho' very dull and flat,
 So read away, and ne'er mind that.
 From *Newport* and *St. James's-Market*,
 Some Butchers thus begin to clark it ;
 What did he fall down on his Back ?
 No,—that won't do—it looks d—d Black.

I'll lay the Worth of Twenty Sheep,
 Says one—they kill'd him in his Sleep.
 Lord how you talk,—a Cocker cry'd,
 The Folks are bad—that's not deny'd
 But yet they shoud'nt be bely'd.
 I'm sure I heard the Story right,
 From one that rambl'd late last Night.
 Aye, Leather-Apron, did you so?
 Cry'd one, whose Trade is, Milk below!
 Let's hear how 'twas—I long to know.
 Aye,—so do I, replies a Chip;
 Oh! Pray let's have it says a Skip?
 By all Means says a Weaver; pray
 Begin, says one that drives a Dray:
 Silence ensu'd from ev'ry one;
 The Master of the Awl begun;
 Look down the Area, there's a Sight!
 But Murder always come to Light:
 This Man was murder'd very crafty;
 People can't walk the Streets in Safety.
 As by this Door he walk'd along,
 Out popt a Fellow stout and strong,
 Who robb'd him—took his Life away!
 Then throw'd him where you see him lay.
 Then in he run;—Oh, cease your Wonder!
 He went to let 'em share the Plunder:
 His Wife, his Family is undone,
 What barb'rous Doings are in *London*!
 Barb'rous, the Cocker twice exprest,
 And cruel, cruel, cry'd the rest;

But

But *Jobson's* Story woud'nt bear
 With all; for some began to jeer,
 And cry——Z—ds, what a Hum is there!
 Some said the B—d, some said the W—re,
 Some said a Bully op'd the Door;
 And having for his Watch an Itching,
 Rob'd him,——and kill'd him in the Kitchen.
 A Woman that sells Greens declares,
 They murder'd him upon the Stairs,
 Before he'd Time to say his Pray'rs.
 A Butter-Woman of small Note,
 Makes Oath she saw 'em cut his Throat;
 She vows she to the Key-hole run,
 There peep'd, and saw the Murder done.
 A Coachman can for certain tell ye,
 They stabb'd him three Times in his Belly.
 A Broker swears as he went by;
 But Brokers will both swear and lie!
 And tho' none credit that have Sense;
 A Broker's Word, nor Evidence;
 Yet an impartial Judge and Jury
 Will never fly into a Fury,
 But hear both Sides, and each Vote number,
 As cool as ever was Cucumber.
 The Broker thus address'd the Mob,
 He lies, that says he had one Stab;
 And she that talks of cutting Throats,
 Deserves to have her Petticoats——
 Pull'd off,——and when she's bare, with Whip
 From Hangman's Hand——be made to skip.

And as for her that sells the Greens,
 I wou'dn't answer for her Sins
 For all the Gold the Bankers feels,
 With all that's in the Lott'ry Wheels :
 And those that preach of Kitchen Murder,
 Had better stop — and go no further.
 As to the Fellow with the Stirrup,
 That does of Theft and Murder chirrup,
 My Fingers do begin to itch,
 To run his Awl into his Breech ;
 For there is none but me as yet
 That's into this great Secret let ;
 And I with serious solemn Phiz,
 Can tell how 'twas, and how it is :
 Believe me, I know all about it,
 And he's a Coxcomb that does doubt it :
 As I do for Salvation hope,
 The Man was strangled with a Rope,
 And then convey'd into the Area,
 From that, I swear, I'll never vary ;
 For, shou'd the Coroner's Inquest crave it,
 Of this I'll make my Affidavit.
 To make the Broker's Story clean,
 A ragged Slut, about sixteen,
 Not half so fragrant as *Belinda*,
 Stands to't, they toss'd him out of Window ;
 She saw him fall — she heard the Smash,
 Then saw two W——res let down the Sash.
 I cou'd proceed a great deal further,
 About this Murder — or no Murder ;

But

But as there's such a Hubble-bubble,
 I think it's hardly worth the Trouble;
 And now I'll lay a Pint of Ale on't,
 No Body e'er makes Head or Tail on't.

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on

Mr.

*S*o much Good-nature dwells within his Breast,
*T*wou'd take an Age to have but half exprest.
*E*ternity's too short to tell his Worth,
*E*ach Thought — each Word — each Action since
 his Birth,
*D*iffuses Life and Warmth around the Earth.

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on

Miss

*T*es, by the Gods, 'tis she — the heav'nly Fair!
*O*h! what amazing Excellence is here!
*U*nnumber'd Virtues deck her spotless Mind,
*N*o Maid so fair, so beauteous, chaste and kind;
*G*reat Nature's Master-piece she was design'd!

A SATYRICAL ALPHABET.

A was an Author, but got little by't.
 B was a Bastard, begot by a Knight.
 C was a Church — but to tell you more plain,
 D *Dunstan's* the Name on't — where preaches *Romaine*.
 E was an E——l, who deserv'd Ridicule;
 F was a *Frenchman*, that dress'd like a Fool:
 G was a grumbling old greedy Church-warden,
 H a House-keeper, but scarce worth a Farthing:
 J was a Jilt, who was fond of Perfumes,
 K was *Kent-street*, well noted for Brooms:
 L A Lott'ry Ticket, drawn Blank, says the Buyer,
 M *Maddox*, who danc'd at the *Wells* on the Wire:
 N was Nobody, when Mischief was done,
 O Orator *Henly*; —but he's dead and gone;
 P was a Patriot, who gain'd little Merit,
 Q was a Quaker, oft mov'd by the Spirit.
 R was a Rebel—whom God had forfook,
 S a Subscriber to *LANCELOT's* Book.
 T was the Times, I'll be sworn to't they're hard,
 V was a very unfortunate Bard.
 W was a Watchman, who cry'd with Command,
 Stop X, Y, Z, &c.—

REMARKS on a HOPEFUL CREW.

THE following Lines I fend ye greeting,
 Who live by Wh—re—g, Th—v—ng,
 Ch—t—ng!

I know no Place in all the Nation,
 That's further from a Reformation ;
 'Tis full as e'er it can be cram'd,
 Of Souls that surely will be d——d,
 Unless they put in Execution
 The Means of getting Absolution ;
 But I am certain by you're Grinning,
 That ye had rather keep on Sinning.
 Cou'd one believe Predestination,
 Ye're sentenc'd to Hell's Habitation.
 Had ye one Thimble-full of Virtue,
 The Devil cou'd have no Pow'r to hurt ye ;
 But I may speak it, to my Sorrow,
 You're worse than *Sodom* and *Gomorrab* :
 There's nothing in the Devil's Spirit,
 But what ye ev'ry one inherit ;
 Not one from Threescore to Eleven
 Years old, can think of going to Heaven.
 Nay—some of you're so prone to Evil,
 Ye doubt there's either God or Devil !
 Worse than infernal Imps I deem ye,
 For Swearing, Cursing and Blasphemy ;
 Perjury's what ye take Delight in ;
 When you've been Brawling, Scratching Fighting.
 An *Irish* Evidence is borrow'd,
 A Warrant granted—Law goes forward !

The

The Plantiff is—we may believe,
 One that can Lie, and Swear, and Thieve,
 Of which God knows, there are too many,
 Who'll swear their Souls Black for a Penny;
 Who'd hang their Father before it's Night,
 If they can get a Shilling by't!
 The Lord above help the Defendant,
 If he's of Knav'ry independent,
 And keep him from the hell-born Paws
 Of those that fight the Devil's Cause;
 Above an Hundred such you'll meet,
 Near *Exeter* and *Cath'rine* Street.

“ Oh, *Jupiter*! most great and able,
 “ Whose Health I ev'ry Day at Table
 “ Drink in Small Beer; dost thou (O where is
 “ Thy Sight!) not see what Doings here is?
 “ I know thou hast it in thy Pow'r.
 “ To mend their Morals in an Hour:
 “ Then on these Wretches shew Compassion,
 “ And work a thorough Reformation,
 “ To th' Honour of the *British* Nation.” }

H E A R S A Y.

THere's nothing but what Villians dare say;
 So we shou'd'nt always go by Hearsay;
 Lest it shou'd be the bad Occasion
 Of spoiling some good Reputation:
 Tho' as Times go, there are not many,
 Who's Reputation's worth a Penny;

Yet

Yet o'er their Heads, there hangs a Curse,
 That love to make Things worse and worse.
 Here I've gone Half a Mile about,
 To bring a little Scandal out.
 Authentick now, as I'm alive,
 I'll give you ev'ry Word full drive ;
 I hear there's left you by your Granum,
 Above Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*.
 Besides the Legacy that *Dick*
 Left you when he went to Old Nick.
 Report says next, you cheated *Lownds*
 Of more than Seven Hundred Pounds ;
 Besides that Job of being Guardian,
 When you embezzled ev'ry Farthing ;
 About Eight Thousand Pounds-the Whole,
 'Tis pretty picking by my Soul !
 Then you've One Thousand Pounds a year
 For Scheeming—faith G—— pays you dear.
 While you are thriving, Millions fret,
 And wonder how the K——'s in debt,
 But while you swim, you'd never think,
 If your own Father was to sink :
 For all you're Aim, to speak in brief,
 Is how to be an arrant T—f.

A D V I C E to D I C K.

DICK, you behave but very oddly ;
 For God's Sake strive to live more godly ;
 Leave off your Tricks of Ranting, Roaring,
 Swearing, Drinking, Gaming, Whoring :
 Cuckold no more your Neighbour's Spouses,
 Nor spend your Time in Bawdy-houses :
 'Sblood, one would think you took Example
 By those loose Prigs about the *Temple* ;
 Or that you mean your Heart to harden,
 Like knowing Culls in *Covent-Garden*.
 Friend *Dick*—to tell you plain, these Ramblers,
 Tho' dress'd like Beaux—are often Gamblers,
 Who, for vile Deeds and ill Expressions,
 Oft wait their Doom at Quarter Sessions ;
 None can for any Good depend on 'em ;
 Now cast—condemn'd—hang'd—there's an End
 on 'em.

T H E
 C I T Y E X E C U T O R S .
 A S A T I R E ;

Founded on F A C T.

HA R D by a magnificent Pile of Stone,
 Where Kings assemble, that have quit the
 Throne,

Where

Where carping Mortals to make Bargains come,
 And jingling Tunes oft play, *Britons strike home.*
 There liv'd of late, a fair and wealthy Dame,
 The angry Muse dare almost tell her Name ;
 But Souls ignoble might th' Advantage take,
 And hungry Lawyers make the Poet quake ;
 For always when a Villain's Faults are told,
 He grows outrageous, desperate and bold ;
 Envy, Revenge, and Malice seize his Breast,
 And all his Thoughts are in his Looks exprest :
 To plead the Innocence of his own Plot,
 He'll sacrifice the dearest Friend h'as got.
 'Tis so with all the crafty Hell-born Crew,
 That cheat the tender Orphans of their Due ;
 Such are the E——s of whom I treat :
 Sure *Stroud* was never half so great a Cheat !
 Dare ye—ye sordid Villains, make a Doubt,
 That divine Vengeance cannot find you out ?
 Or, do ye mock the Power and dread Command
 Of him that holds whole Kingdoms in his Hand ;
 That calms the Sea—or bids the Tempest roar,
 Rides on the Winds, and sends the hasty Show'r ;
 That darts down fiery Flashes from on High,
 And rolls loud Peals of Thunder round the Sky ;
 Makes smiling *Sol* disperse his warmest Breeze,
 Or pale-fac'd *Luna* all the Rivers freeze.
 Famine and Earthquakes rule at his Command,
 Or, Plague and Pestilence goes through the Land ;
 Such is the Work of this great powerful God,
 Who can destroy e'en Millions at one Nod :
 Who in a Moment Empires can o'erthrow,
 And crush the World to nothing at one Blow.

This mighty Lord——this everlasting King,
 Will every secret Knave to Justice bring.
 This sacred Judge that does Men's Actions view,
 Will give these vile E——s their due ;
 At his Tribunal they must soon appear,
 And answer all the Frauds committed here.
 But tremble not—ye bold and daring Cheats,
 Ye guilty Guardians taste your dear bought Sweets ;
 Although your Soul's the Price of every Piece
 That ye embezzle from the Fatherless ;
 Think it an Honour to possess the Bait,
 For Gold does Wonders, Gold's a God that's great.
 Worship the glittering Mammon—count it o'er,
 And wish you had cheated 'em of ten times more ;
 Abound in Luxury—make light your Heart,
 And joy to think they've none to take their Part :
 Triumph, get drunk, and think yourselves as great
 As *Alexander* fix'd in all his State.
 Then strive to copy murd'ring *Nero* next,
 And never be disheartn'd—nor perplex'd.
 There's none but dastard Souls that tim'rous are,]
 'Tis cowardly to be possess'd of Fear.
 With flinty Hearts—your Villainy pursue,
 Until you make Hell blush at what ye do :
 Since Hell must be your Doom (all Good renounce,
 Be ne'er so bad) ye can be d—d but once.

(53)

THE
C H E A T S ;
A New S O N G.

I.

THere's nothing but Cheating goes down,
'Tis the Fashion to play Counterfeits,
There's Cheating all over the Town,
So I'll sing a new Song of the Cheats.

II.

The Parson that preaches the Word,
Is sober—when in the Pulpit;
But out—he's as d—k as a Lord,
Which proves that his Doctrine's a C——t.

III.

The Doctor that cures all Ills,
Let the Danger be ever so great,
In the Price of his Bolus and Pills,
Has often been thought a damn'd C——t.

IV.

There's a new Set of Men at the Helm,
Some say they're performing great Feats ;
A Month hence, I'm afraid through the Realm,
We shall hear nothing talk'd of but C——s.

V.

Poor *Byng* has had ev'ry one's Curse,
For running away from the Fleet,
Faith, I don't think the Man took a Purse ;
And I'll swear that a Coward's no Cheat.

VI.

VI.

Right or wrong h'as been doom'd for to bleed,
So no more about him shall be writ;
But I wish all the rest that succeed,
May'nt their King and their Country cheat.

VII.

What a Navy would *England* command,
If no Knave a Commission could get;
But its plain that by both Sea and Land,
Above half will—I do not say cheat.

VIII.

To the Justice that sits on the Bench,
To judge if you've acted discreet,
Give a Bottle, a Pipe and a Wench,
You may pilfer, and plunder, and c——t.

IX.

The Lawyer will have a large Fee,
Tho' double he charges you—yet
He swears he's so blind he can't see
That you've Reason to call him a Cheat.

X.

The Church-warden's Belly looks big,
'Cause he makes all the Parish stand Treat;
Feed him with Fowls, Ham and roast Pig,
He cares not who calls him a Cheat.

XI.

The Constable comes with a Warrant,
And catches his Man in the Street;
The Pris'ner, who knows well his Errand,
Slips sily a Bribe to the Cheat.

XII.

XII.

To the Poet exert your ill Nature,
 He'll presently puzzle his Wits,
 And by dint of his Lampoon and Satire
 He'll prove all your Family Cheats.

XIII.

So he begs no Exceptions you'll take,
 At his comical Medley of Skits,
 For depend on't a Hundred he'll make,
 If you plague him for writing the Cheats.

XIV.

'Twould be wrong for to take it amiss,
 Because its so honestly writ ;
 Sure Nobody'd hurt him for this,
 Unless 'twere some damnable Cheat.

An EPISTLE design'd to have been sent to
 the Earl of C*****d.

FROM fam'd *Grub-street*,
 That smells so sweet,
 Great Son of Wit I'm come ;
 Be merciful,
 To one that's dull,
 And almost stupid grown.

I am, good Sir,
 Ambaffador
 From one whose Coat is blue ;
 But greatly hurt,
 By Grease and Dirt ;
 You'll say——what's that to you ?

My

My Master seems
 To have strange Whims,
 That this and that will do ;
 But ne'er a Flight
 He takes is right :
 You'll say——what's that to you ?

A thousand Times,
 In Prose and Rhymes,
 H'as scribbl'd something new ;
 But never yet,
 Cou'd half paid get :
 You'll say——what's that to you ?

All Day he'll write,
 Sit up all Night,
 Burn Fire and Candle too ;
 Takes wond'rous Pains,
 To crack his Brains :
 You'll say——what's that to you ?

H'as d——d the Nine:
 That's mighty fine ;
 But Bards such Things will do,
 When Things run cross,
 Loss after Loss—
 He's had——but what care you ?

He, to be sure,
 Is dev'lish poor,
 His Landlord knows that's true ;
 You'll guess what's meant ;
 Item, for Rent,
 Five Pounds——but what care you ?

The Doctor's Bill
When Child was ill,
Run up to Guineas two ;
And Daddy, he
Has made it three ;
But what's all that to you ?

His Wife has took,
Each Morn to puke,
She thinks she's big with two ;
Charges anon
Are coming on,
You'll say——what's that to you ?

The Midwife must
Put up with Trust,
The Nurse give Credit too ;
The Gossips their
Own Charge must clear ;
But what's all that to you ?

Now to conclude,
For I've been rude,
Beyond Expression too ;
In humble Rhymes,
Ten thousand Times,
I Pardon beg of you.

P. S Let LANCELOT
Not be forgot,
Who of Guineas wants a few ;
Mind his Intent,
Not giv'n, but lent,
He'll pay 'em again to you.

A New S O N G:

MAKE happy, dear Charmer, a Youth that
 cou'd prove
 In Friendship so faithful, so constant in Love ;
 So chearful in Bondage, bright Charmer, cou'd be,
 So gentle, so tender, and loving to thee.

Not one jealous Moment cou'd baffle my Blifs,
 All Day cou'd I toy, Love, all Night cou'd I kifs ;
 Now gazing with Wonder, your Charms I adore,
 Cou'd press thee and kifs thee, Ten Thousand Times
 o'er.

Your Smiles that have Pow'r to ravish the Mind,
 Bear with 'em their Trophies, and promise you
 kind ;
 And to thee, bright Maiden, for Pity I plead,
 God *Cupid* has caus'd me sincerely to bleed.

Soft innocent Virgin, no Mind can conceive,
 How happy for ever with thee I cou'd live ;
 All other gay Beauties cou'd frankly despise,
 While charm'd with your Virtues, and aw'd by your
 Eyes.

E P I G R A M.

WAS I Lawyer, which God knows there's
 many,
 I'd strive to be as great a Rogue as any.

An A C R O S T I C K,*Wrote on*

Alderman

*B*ehold the Man, renown'd for doing Good,
*L*oudly Fame speaks him born of noble Blood;
*A*mbition never fir'd his God-like Mind,
*K*in to no Knavery, just to all Mankind :
*I*n him *Britannia* finds a faithful Son,
*S*taunch to his Country, by no Brib'ry won.
*T*rue to his Promise—has no selfish Aim,
*O*n Courts depends not—seeks not after Fame ;
*N*o Doubt but all that read this know his Name.

Orator H*****'s EPITAPH.

HERE lies an Enemy to the Faith's Defender,
 Fav'rite of the Devil, Pope, and the Pre-
 tender.

A scandalous, base, and opprobrious Preacher,
 A notorious, noisy, dull, half-meaning Teacher.
 That into other People's business looked
 And was a brazen, busy, meddling Blockhead :
 A mad, outrageous, raving Fiend of Fiends—
 That Hell set on—to get at hell-born Ends.
 One, whose eternal Wishes, Schemes and Pray'rs
 Was to set the World together by the Ears.

H 2

One

One, that claim'd Privilege to the Toleration
Of throwing Skits on the King—and all the Nation :
One, who 'tis thought wou'd hardly been unwilling,
To have cut his Sov'reign's Throat for half a Shilling.

GRACE before MEAT,

For a LANK ASSEMBLY of MECHANICS ;
to be said or sung at their annual BEAN
FEAST.

THY hungry Servants, Lord, are here,
To walk we scarce are able,
'Cause we've but one good Meal a Year,
And that is on the Table.

We beg not for an Appetite,
Of that thou know'st we're sure ;
But, Lord, we beg that while we bite,
Our Teeth may stand secure.

Hard Shift we make to cram our Throats,
Our Wits we're forc'd to puzzle ;
We sell our Credit, pawn our Coats,
To eat—and get some Guzzle.

When

When we with Hunger are grown sick,
Necessity does thrust us
In Chandlers Shops, to run a Tick
With any one who'll trust us.

But what the greatest Grief affords,
Not one near *Covent-Garden*,
Without a hundred slighting Words,
Will trust a single Farthing.

What's coming now will make ye Smile,
'Tis true, upon my Soul,
We run three Quarters of a Mile
To get a butter'd Roll.

Not so with those who've Gold in store,
That cringe about the Court,
And by their Pensions make us poor,
And make the Poor their Sport.

Proudly they live upon their Means,
And splendid Feasts provide ;
Bless but our Bacon, and our Beans,
And we'll be satisfy'd.

GRACE after MEAT.

BIT a'ter Bit, with eager Haste,
How greedily it follow'd ;
But since our Hunger's quell'd at last,
Thanks Lord for all we've swallow'd.

The



The *Portsmouth* GARLAND,

O R,

An Expeditious *PROLOGUE*;

Wrote expeditiously-----on this memorable SECRET
EXPEDITION ; to be spoken at *Portsmouth* Harbour,

By any GENTLEMAN STROLER.

BEhold, in Spite—of Wind and Weather,
We've kept our mighty Fleet together,
What's more—they're all in good Condition ;
Oh ! 'twas a glorious Expedition !
'Egad, this heavy Undertaking
Set all the *Frenchmens* Hearts a aching——
Plague rot 'em—they are politic,
But, Death and Oons—we'll make 'em sick ;
In the long run we shall be right,
For all our Schemes are vastly bright.
I'm sure no Fleet can ever boast
Of less Feats done—and less Men lost ;
'Two kill'd—that's all——and all that's true,
Rare News, by Heav'n!——only two ;
Bravo—my *English* Hearts of Oak,
This was a noble——bold home Stroke ;

'Tis

'Tis home all over——if ye'd see't,
 Repair to *Portsmouth*——there's the Fleet;
 Huzza, my Boys——bring up a Cag,
 Come, here's Success to th' *British* Flag,
 We'll teach the *Garlick* Dogs to brag.*——
 The Gods enraptur'd stood admiring,
 Our lucky *Thirty-minutes* Firing †,
 In *Thirty Minutes* we can do,
 What takes them up an Age or two;
 They never had it in their Pow'r,
 To do such Feats in Half an Hour;
 That great important—Island *Aix*,
 Poor Monsieur muttering forfakes——
 By Force of Arms—we have subdu'd it;
 'Tis a fine Place——they say, who've view'd it ‡.
 We took it, Sirs, without a Fable,
 With all the Ease imaginable;
 In great Distress we soon shall see 'um,
 'Tis our Turn now to sing *Te Deum*;——
 But hold——methinks it is'nt good,
 To halloo, while we're in the Wood;
 But this is spoiling the Connection,
 What then—the Thought requires Reflection:
Minorca's lost—phoo! never mind it,
 One Day or other we shall find it:

And

* *Garlick*, loathsome or stinking.

† *Thirty Minutes*——no longer in taking the Island.

‡ About as big as *St. Paul's* Church-yard.

And we'll have *Rockfort* by and by,
 As soon as that damn'd Ditch is dry *.
 In Moonlight Schemes there ne'er was Fortune,
 E'er since *Pyramus* † went a Courting.
 We'll drop the Matter till next Spring,
 And then I warrant we'll do the Thing;
 So hallo Boys, God Save the King. —

The ADMIRAL at Home.

Z—DS, let me go
 To fight the Foe,
 I long to give them Battle;
 I love to see
 A Fight at Sea,
 And hear the Cannons rattle.

The ADMIRAL Abroad.

NOW, my brave Boys,
 Don't make a Noise,
 Monsieur's Fleet's in Sight;
 G—d fend that they
 May run away,
 'Twill save a bloody Fight.

* They tell us the Ditch was fill'd with Water up to the Brim, which politic *French* Scheme prevented them from landing their Troops.

N. B. Whether they tell us true or no—I cannot determine; but alas, poor *England*!—I may venture to declare thee prodigiously unfortunate in all thy long laborious Undertakings.

† *Pyramus*; read *Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream*.

A New DRINKING SONG.

By LANCELOT.

Tune, *Jolly Mortals, &c.*

HARK ! What Voice is that like Thunder ?
Cries out *Britons*, fill your Bowls ;
Zounds, 'tis *Bacchus*——mark him yonder,
See with Liquor how he rolls.

Since the jolly Gods before us,
'Till we are drunk we'll never start ;
Sons of *Albion* join in Chorus,
Waiter—fetch us t'other Quart.

If a Damsel should deceive ye,
Sigh not for the faithless Fair ;
Drink a Bumper—'twill relieve ye,
Wine has Charms to banish Care.

Britons—so renown'd in Story,
Britons, who so glorious shine,
Ne'er had found the Road to Glory,
If it had'nt been for Wine.

To great *George*——our Faith's Defender,
Fill a Bumper to the Brim ;
Not one Drop for the Pretender,
Wine was never made for him.

I

He

He shall drink the Juice of Barley,
And on Oatmeal Pudding dine ;
Here's Confusion to thee, *Charley*,
In a Bumper of good Wine.

The B L A S P H E M E R.

An O D E.

THE im'pious Wretch, that scorns to dread,
The Power of the Lord,
Calls for Damnation on his Head,
And swears at ev'ry Word.

With bitter Oaths his Mouth is cramm'd,
With no Remorse he's stung ;
For all the Language of the Damn'd
Is utter'd by his Tongue.

His Breath, which shou'd be us'd in Pray'r,
Is in Blasphemy spent ;
Like Brimstone it infects the Air,
Whene'er he gives it Vent.

If you presume his Faults to tell,
Your own he bids you see ;
Then damns you to the Pit of Hell,
And swears you're worse than he.

The

The Thoughts of Pray'r so much he loaths;
Give him a Book to read,
He'll sooner swear ten thousand Oaths,
Than once repeat his Creed.

He lives, as though his Duty were
To practise all that's evil;
To lie, and curse, and damn, and swear,
And hourly serve the Devil.

SALLY'S LAMENTATION for the Loss of
TOMMY MARCH.

By LANCELOT.

IF Love's a sweet Passion——Why does it thus
search
My Heart, for the Loss of that Rebel *Tom March*?
A Wretch so inconstant——so faithless as he,
Ought ne'er to be trusted——wherever he be.

Ye innocent beautiful Nymphs of the Plains,
Where Honour and Chastity always remains,
Be warn'd of his Voice —— like the Nightingale
clear,
And tell him he practises cheating the Fair.

He liv'd by the Door where I us'd for to stray,
 He's handsome, and airy, and genteel, and gay ;
 How sorry am I, that I've Reason to say,
 He made it his Business my Heart to betray:

'Tis impossible sure, that another can come,
 To make his Addresses so genteel as *Tom* :
 My *Tommy*, tho' false, was a proper young Man,
 And I vow that I'll love him—as long as I can.

A V E R S E extempore, on paying off the
 NATIONAL DEBT, and augmenting the
 Soldiers Pay.

NO longer shall *Ireland* grumble and fret,
 At the Charge of a heavy old national Debt ;
 Brave *Dorset* has made both Ends meet to a Hair,
 And the Soldiers have got what they wanted last
 Year.



A LETTER



A

L E T T E R

Design'd to have been sent to the Learned

COUNCELLOR HUMBUG:

Wrote by

ALLY CROKER's COUSIN.

FROM fam'd *Grub-street*,
That smells so sweet,
You have this wretched Stuff ;
The Author's there
A Garretteer,
Oblig'd to walk in Buff.

H'ad but a Groat
Lent on his Coat,
'Twas something worse for wear ;
He spent the Crop
At Chandler's Shop,
In Bread, and Cheese, and Beer.

Next

Next Day being dry,
And hungry,
A Waistcoat, without Sleeves,
Brought Threepence more ;
The Poet swore
All Pawnbrokers were Thieves.

His Wig and Hat
Were both so fat,
And stunk so much with Grease,
Sold at the Door,
They fetch'd no more,
Than a Halfpenny a-piece.

The Bard quite vex'd,
Call'd to the next
That pass'd by, crying Old Cloaths,
Two Shillings bought
A charming Lot,
His Breeches, Shoes and Hose.

At the last Flirt
Off went his Shirt,
Tenpence the selling Price ;
Upon my Soul
'Twas pretty whole,
Tho' very full of L—.

Ode on the Recovery of the Lord Chancellor,

THank Heav'n, the threat'ning Danger's fled,
 That made so rude a Motion ;
 Before this Time, had'st thou been dead,
 The World had wept an Ocean.

Great GEORGE's Breast, and God-like Mind,
 Had tasted boundless Woe ;
 But *Jove*, in Pity to Mankind,
 Forbad the mighty Blow.

What everlasting Gratitude
 The Lawyers have to pay !
 Had Death so wise a Man subdu'd,
Westminster'd soon decay.

But God be thanked now we see,
 There's no such Danger nigh us :
 Ye Pow'rs, let this a Warning be,
 Like that of *Hezekias*.

E P I T A P H design'd for *P——m*.

HERE *P——m* lies—a moving Sight I vow,
 I wou'd be sorry, if I cou'd tell how.
 A Man that to his Country was so dear ;
 Oh ! how I'd weep, if I cou'd shed a Tear!

O D E

A LAMPOON wrote on Miss *Nelly*, near
the MANSION HOUSE, who squints to
Admiration.

PAINTERS of old, who skilful were,
An hundred Eyes to *Argus* drew ;
But what a Wonder, Gods ! is here,
Nell sees an hundred Ways with two.

A LETTER to Lady Viscountess *VANE*, oc-
casioned by a false Report of her Death.

WHAT Blunders in the Press are made,
What Lies are put in Print !
To-day, we weeping read you're dead,
To-morrow nothing's in't,

From Envy this Report arose ;
But thou, illustrious Fair,
Shall live in spite of all thy Foes,
And brighter still appear.

Still thou shalt imitate the Dove ;
It still shall be thy Care,
To copy out the Blest above,
'Till thou art seated there.

VERSES

V E R S E S Extempore ; wrote on seeing
A D A M S ' S C U R I O S I T I E S , at the *Swan* in
Kingsland Road.

V I E W here this grand Repository,
Behold you've Paradise before ye.
The House to *Adam* does belong ;
But the Rogue has got himself ground young :
Besides, h'as alter'd his Condition,
He's Poet, Publican, Magician.
He has many an odd, uncommon Whim ;
There's few so whimsical as him ;
What is it he has got to fear'o,
From the wide Fame of *Don Saltero* ?
Not all the Learned in *Crane-Court*,
Can shew ye more—or make more Sport.
Nectar itself cannot be richer,
Than Ale from his mirac'lous Pitcher.
While some the merry Pitcher's quaffing,
You'd split your very Sides with laughing.
Projectors here may see his Notion,
Of finding the Perpetual Motion.
Tho' 'tis a Hum ; the more's the Pity ;
Faith the Invention's very pretty,
Nay, I'll maintain, and not put Lies in,
All that he shews is quite surprizing.
Go on, ingenious *Adams* still,
Ages unborn shall praise your Skill.
I doubt not but you'll soon exceed,
Sir Hans Sloane—and the learned *Mead*.

The AUTHOR'S RESIGNATION.

'TELL me, ye Gods, what is my Crime,
 That I am doom'd to write in Rhyme,
 When I so much abhor it ?
 Or if by this poor glim'ring Light,
 I must still scratch my Ears and write,
 Let me get something for it.

I'll be your humble Servant yet,
 If you'll consent to let me eat
 Before I scribble further ;
 But if this Scheme ye did contrive
 To starve poor LANCELOT alive,
 Compleat at once the Murder.

Wrote on the GENTRY going to BATH.

AWAY to *Bath* the Gentry flock ;
 Few to the Pulpit throng :
 Pity the Charter should be broke,
 So, Coachman drive along.

What was't malicious *Fanny* said,
 Of *Flora's* Country Jaunt ?
 My Memory's prodigious bad,
 'Twas something 'bout her Aunt.

Her

Her Aunt—let's see—zooks, I've forgot,
 Oh, no!—now I remember,
 She did—Oh fie—don't mention what;
 But 'twas done in *September*.

Done—what was done?—Let's have it out;
 Has Modesty been lack'd?
 You've hit the Mark—'tis told about,
 That *Flora's* Pitcher's crack'd.

And *Fanny* full of Spite and Spleen
 Reports, that *Flora's* Jaunt
 To *Bath*—is only to Lye-in,
 And not to see her Aunt.

The WORLD compared to a BIRD-CAGE.

A S A T Y R E.

THE World is a Bird Cage, as plain as your
 Nose,

The Statesmen are Kites—and the Clergy are
 Crows;

The Lawyers are Vultures—their Clients they gnaw,
 The grave Pedants are Owls—and each Fool's a
 Jackdaw:

All those that in cheating and coz'ning have Skill,
 Are all Birds of Prey, let 'em be where they will:

Those that hector and bounce——but can do ne'er a
Feat,

Are Cocks that will crow—tho' they just have been
beat.

Those few that's like *Blakeney*——deserve a good
Name,

They are Cocks that can fight—aye, they're Cocks
of the Game.

That the Beaux are Pea-cocks——and the Ladies
Pea-hens,

You may tell without taking a great deal of Pains :

Those that sing at the Play-house—without many
Words,

Are Linnets—or Thrushes—or Larks—or Black-
birds.

As for such as have not got a musical Throat,

If they sing, they are Cuckoos——'cause they're all
in one Note.

Your wanton, and waggish, and gay buxom Belles,

Who make a Trade on it—are Water-wagtails.

All those that love Virtue——and soft harmless
wooing,

Are Pidgeons, that fondly——and chafly are coo-
ing.

A great Man the Name of an Ostrich gets,

And all little Men are no more than Tom-tits.

All Women, if silent—or breeding a Riot,

Are Jays, when their noisy—and Doves when they're
quiet.

The AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

THE Poet cou'd'nt Death escape,
 Lord what a Sight ; here lies poor *Cape*.
 Beware *Cadwallader* and *Vamp*,
 Of *Cape's* eternal sudden Tramp.
 Let *Podavorskey*—and poor *Bec'*.
 Prepare to stand Death's fierce Attack.
 Sprightly 'egad—who knows—what—ha!—
 Why you and *Bell* may die To-day.
 While Death drives on—like *Gebo Dobbin*,
 He may brush down *Peter, Dicky, Robin* ;
 Ha, what ; how, ha,—this wants Reflection !
Bec, this is spoiling the Connection——
 Why Death is going to let us see,
 How he can swell the Pedigree,
 That's in the Butler's Pantry. }
 Ha—what—zounds—ha——this *Cape's* Tombstone,
 'Tis an odd Epitaph I own ;
 But 'tis'nt *Cape* sure—ha—how, what !
 See *Bec*. tis'nt *Cape*, it's LANCELOT.
 Zounds, who'd have thought, when he was dead,
 To find a Tombstone at his Head ?

 LAMPOON on my Lord TRICK-
 TRADESMAN.

WHEN a Question is ask'd, how you hurry
 away,
 If the Question is this ; my Lord, when will you pay ?
 But

But to the poor Tradesman, who'll trust you a
Year,

'Tis Steward, what says he? Speak loud in my
Ear.

My L——d, quoth the Steward, he says he can
trust :

I'm a Man, quoth your Lordship, that's honest and
just.

I'll pay you depend on't ; nay nay if you doubt it,
And Necessity urges, you shan't go without it.

Your Tradesman unwilling to give you Offence,
Cries, no, my Lord, no, it will do a Year hence.

Thus he rashly pronounces a hard bitter Sentence,
For a thousand to one, but he's brought to Repen-
tance.

Grace before Meat for the C——h W——ns.

LORD, let us ne'er be overpower'd
With Hunger—make us able,
To stuff like Wolves, till we've devour'd
The Victuals off the Table.

Since we have Plenty at our Will,
Thanks, Lord, for such a Sight ;
Grant whilst we eat—our eating still,
May create an Appetite.

If we have done the Needy wrong,
'Tis 'cause they do provoke us ;
Thy Mercies, Lord, to us prolong,
For fear the Meat should choke us.

While

While Calumny on us they throw,
And call us cheating D——gs,
Feed us, oh Lord—that we may grow,
As fat as *Trueman's* Hogs.

A VERSE Extempore, wrote on D****Y,
the Cock-Spur-Maker.

D——Y, who has more cunning than a Fox,
Has made ten thousand Spurs to prick the Cocks;
Were I to set to work, I'd make him sick,
I'd make a Spur that wou'd his Conscience prick.

VERSES occasion'd by a barbarous Disap-
pointment that the AUTHOR lately met with;
wrote extempore, and left for a certain Gen-
tleman, at his House.

S I R,

I Call'd at the House, where you said I shou'd
dine,
But was damnably plagu'd for to find out the Sign;
What's worse—when I travell'd all over the Lane,
A pox o'the Journey—my Labour was vain.
No Mutton, nor Lamb, was there roasting or broil-
ing,
And the Devil a Pea on the Fire was boiling.

You

You say, that you're moving, 'tis true what you say;
 But my Belly can witness you move the wrong Way.
 Beware of some Judgment—for I'd have you to
 know it,

'Tis very inhuman to mock a poor Poet.
 Depend upon't, Sir, as I hope for to sup,
 That as long as I live, I will ne'er make it up.

LAMPOON on a COOK-MAID,

Who burnt some of the AUTHOR'S Writings
 to finge a Fowl.

YE Furies guide my Pen to c—e her Soul,
 Who burnt my fav'rite Works to finge a Fowl!
 What Piece of Impudence cou'd that excel?
 For that vile Act, may she be finge'd in H—ll:
Pluto, the hottest Place for her prepare;
 Legions of Devils, take her to your Care!
 With Turpentine anoint her Body over,
 'Till none but horrid Flames you can discover.
 Pour down her Throat a Bowl of melted Lead,
 With Vipers, Snakes, and Hornets, crown her
 Head;
 With Pitch-fork Points, as hot as Fire Coals,
 Burn her, and pierce in a Million of Holes.
 While in her Agonies she does bemoan,
 I'll dance a Jigg to every dismal Groan.
 At ev'ry Shriek she gives, I'll cut a Caper,
 And cry Cook, Cook—who burnt the Poet's Paper?

The

The P R O P H E T,

For the YEAR 1758.

By LANCELOT, extempore.

WHEN Luxury and Gaming's thrown aside,
And when Court Ladies scorn the Name of
Pride ;

When there's a Reformation in the State,
When Horse-racing and Whores are out of Date,
When my Lord Duke has paid off all his Debts;
And when the Bishop preaches till he sweats,
When Lawyers lie not—and refuse their Fees :
When Rock gets nothing by the Old Disease.
When *Arthur's* Bloods forget the Game of Whist,
And when his Worship bends no more his Wrist.
When with their Consciences Stock-brokers reckon,
And when State Lott'ry Schemes are quite forsaken ;
When old L——d *Chalkstone* earnestly begins
To beg and pray Forgiveness for his Sins ;
And when the young Ones, that have just begun
To sin —— grow penitent for what they've done,
When all the World's so charitable grown,
Not to spy others Faults, but mend their own ;
Then we shall have—pray, what shall we have then ?
Why—a new Set of Women, and of Men.
Men, who'll wear Petticoats—and Women Breeches,
Players will thrive—and Poets roll in Riches.

L

Bath,

Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom—then shall be neglected,
 And Monkeys, Parrots, Lap-dogs—disrespected.
 The celebrated Mimic of the Town,
 Shall with the Quality no more go down.
French Fashions drop, and *English* Ones prevail,
 And Ladies leave their Tea for Toast and Ale;
 Each Red-coat then shall act a noble Part,
 For ev'ry one shall wear a *BLAKENEY's* Heart.
 No Cowardice shall taint the *British* Navy,
Britons shall make the *Frenchmen* cry *Pecavi*.
 The Bards no more shall with Derision sing,
 Of Admirals—like *Matthews—Lestock—Byng*.
Louis shall then at Heaven's Gate be seen;
 But not with any View of getting in,
 While there's a Martyr in it nam'd *Damien*.
 But I'm afraid 'twill be an Age or two,
 Before we find this Prophecy come true.

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on the

King of

P rudent—Skilful—God-like—Glorious,
R estless 'till he reigns victorious:
U ndismay'd, and never weary,
S courge of *Gallia* and *Hungary*:
S till proceed to War and Plunder,
J ove shall find thee Store of Thunder,
A nd *Hungary* shall soon knock under.

An

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on his Sacred Majesty

King

G ods! if Goodness be your Care,
E ver guard him—ev'ry where ;
O rder all his Councils right,
R evenge his Cause, and for him fight :
G ive him Plenty, Health and Ease ;
E nd his Days in Wealth and Peace.

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on his Royal Highness the

D ischarge your thund'ring Cannons, shake the
Ground,
U ndaunted *William* loves the warlike Sound ;
K eep briskly firing—Mark ! who leads you on,
E ngland's bold Champion—*George's* darling Son.

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on

Mr.

S ome take Delight to serve the Poor,
A nd mock 'em even at Death's Door,
N or will Assistance lend :
D ear Sir—that's not the Case with you,
B y Experience, I have found it true,
Y ou are a Poor Man's Friend.

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on that excellent Comedian, and Choice Spirit,

Mr.

S uch a one was *Killegrew* ;
H udibras in him we view ;
U nto him is flown, 'tis plain,
T he very Soul of, *O Rare Ben*——
E ndless Wit, and Humour flows
R ound him, wheresoe'er he goes.

The CONTRAST ; or, the CHARACTERS
 of Hellish JOHN, and JOHN of Hell.

T HE grand Contrast my Muse shall tell,
 'Twixt Hellish *John*, and *John* of Hell ;
 Before that either gain'd the Day,
 By *Heaven* ! there was *Hell* to pay :
 But as Hellish *John*'s the elder Brother,
 I'll mention him before the other.
 We all of us, as I suppose,
 Know a true Toper by his Nose ;
 Who always thinks it no Disgrace,
 To have a ruby shining Face ;
 In shining none can *John* surpass,
 Because his Forehead's made of Brass :
 To represent the Moon at full,
 Has always been his constant Rule.

His

His fiery Bowspirit from afar,
 Looks like a Comet threat'ning War:
 His Face is blooming as a Plumb,
 And broad as Mother *Red-Cap's* Bum ;
 Phoo, d—n all mincing, 'tis a Farce,
 I plainly mean her brawny A——se ;
John loves a chearful flowing Bowl,
 He's what your Toper's call, a Soul ;
 But Work and *John* cou'd ne'er agree,——
 This by the bye, 'twixt you and me.
 In Rain, Hail, Snow, or Sun-shine Weather,
 He never works two Days together.
 Thus far in his *great* Praise I've gone ;
 Now the Muse sings of to'ther *John* ;
 He is a jolly jovial Blade,
 As e'er you knew, or e'er was made.
 Lively, gay, and debonnair,
 Always spruce, to please the Fair ;
 He cares not if they patch or paint,
 Whether a Sinner, or a Saint :
 But *John's* as wily as a Fox,
 Beneath his Chin, h'as got the P—x ;
 Which the sly Rogue, so full of *Humour*,
 Would palm upon you for a *Tumour*.
 If you're suspicious that I mock,
 You'll hear the Truth from Doctor *Rock*.
 Repair to him—and, I assure ye,
 You'll hear a very merry Story.
 Tho' *John* of Hell—and Hellish *John*,
 Are pretty quiet, when alone——

They

They always wrangle when they meet,
And talk of Rogue, and Dog, and C——t.

For Heaven's Sake, end all Disputes,
It only makes ye look like Brutes ;
Bowspit no more shall be my Note ;
Adieu to Tumour in the Throat.
Of Hellish *Jobn*, and *Jobn* of Hell,
My bashful Muse no more shall tell.

PROLOGUE for TIMBERTOE.

WHEN *Grubstreet* Authors get Estates by
Writing,
And when in Truth the Lawyers take Delight in ;
When Physic kicks his Conscience out o' Door,
And Clergymen are lib'ral to the Poor ;
When City Brokers——mod'rate Profits seek,
And scarce forswear themselves 'bove once a Week ;
When all such Candidates implore your Votes,
That ne'er did yet——nor ne'er will turn their
Coats:
When Statesmen are, what some do please to call
'em,
And when no longer such, like *Henley* maul 'em ;
Who's now to Spite——now to Good-nature leaning,
Means not at all——or dares'nt tell his Meaning :
When nodding Justice bends no more the Wrist,
And when at *White*'s they play no more at Whist !
When

When the *Bath* Waters are no more respected,
 When Monkeys, Dogs and Parrots are neglected;
 Great *Garrick* then shall fail in *Richard's* Part,
 And *Foot*e no longer boast his mimic Art.
 The Fame of *Clive* and *Pritchard* shall decline,
 Mis *Noffiter* shall *Juliet* resign,
 And *Rich* no more be fam'd for Pantomime.
 Then *Timbertoe* 'll instead of Beer drink Claret,
 And hop from Hackney Coach—into a Chariot.
 Both Houses, sighing, shall give up their Glory,
 And curse the good Old Woman's Oratory.

LETTER to J—— F——g.

YOUR Scheme is good, I must agree,
 In sending pilf'ring Boys to Sea;
 But only mark, what I've intended,
 I'd have this Scheme of yours amended:
 And now, before I further run,
 I'll shew you how I'd have it done.
 Those first of all together bring,
 That wrong their Country, and their King!——
 Among the Number, Admiral B——g.
 Next gather up, and bring to Town,
 All that are Traytors to the Crown;
 And intermix 'em, when they come,
 With those that we have got at Home.
 Catch all that cringe about the Court,
 Who've Pensions, and do nothing for't:

Secure

Secure all those that brought a new Act,
 The Name it went by was, *The Jew Act*.
 Escape not that infernal Crew,
 That cheat the Sailors of their Due.
 Nor such as plunder and oppress,
 The Widow and the Fatherless.
 Get Thieves of ev'ry Occupation,
 For they're a Nuisance to the Nation ;
 And, when you have got all these together,
 Send 'em away, to God knows whither——
 Methinks *America* wou'd do,
 But, *F——g*, I'll leave that to you.
 I've only gave you just a Hint
 Of what I ne'er intend to print:
 Tho', if you shou'd in this succeed,
 'Tis mending of your Scheme, indeed.

A LETTER that was sent by LANCELOT
 to Mr. *RICH*, some Years ago.

S I R,

TO be pester'd as I am, all Night and all Day,
 Is a damnable Thing, I may venture to say ;
 I have Dun a'ter Dun—upon Terms that are plain,
 Calls on me to know—when they must call again ;
 Each stretches his Wind-pipe beyond Moderation,
 And swears that I'm grown the worst Cheat in the
 Nation.

Methinks, 'tis full hard——Sure it might be allow'd,
 That I'm a Degree or two better than *Stroud*.

But

But be that as 'twill—I'm resolv'd not to fret,
 Tho' Writs were took out, and the Bailiffs were set.
 My Pen and my Courage, I'll always preserve
 'Till I die, as I know that I live but to starve.
 The Penance is cruel, 'tis using me ill ;
 But the Planets you know, Sir, may do what they
 will.

Those powerful Movements our Destiny fix,
 And play us a Thousand damn'd slippery Tricks.
 They empty our Pockets whenever they please,
 And fill 'em again with a great deal of Ease.
 So much for the Stars ; now I'll drop down to you,
 With a Coat all in Rags, and a Comedy new ;
 A Comedy ? said I—'Twill scarce do for that,
 The Plot is so dull, and the Language so flat.
 For a Farce I'm afraid 'tis too long by one Half ;
 Then it ought to be merry, to make People laugh ;
 But 'tis my Misfortune to write without Wit,
 So I judge that's the Reason I nothing can get.
 Yet still, Sir, I hope, as I find the whole County
 Has spread forth your Praises, and rung of your
 Bounty.

What is't I can hope for ? Why, e'en to make free,
 I'll hope you'll be kind to a Bard you ne'er see.
 And beg, if you can, in an Age so polite,
 On your sensible Stage, put my Nonsense in Sight.
 But if you can't do such a horrible Thing,
 For fear it should leave on your Play-house a Sting ;
 My Answer I'll take, without being in a Fright,
 The sooner the better—on next *Friday* Night.

M

A

A PROLOGUE to a Comedy that will
never be acted ; to be begun by a Comedian,
and ended by a suppos'd Friend to the
AUTHOR.

OUR Author's Scheme, is most confounded
bad,
'Sblood, one wou'd think the Fellow's running
mad !

How cou'd he think this Way of getting Riches ?
What monst'rous Folly some Mens Minds be-
witches !

I can't think how the Fool can take Delight in,
The fruitless Toil of dull dramatic Writing.
Sure he thinks Nonsense comes upon the Stage,
In this judicious—learn'd—and witty Age ;
But faith, my Bucks, we'll set his Heart a aching,
We'll shew him that he's damnably mistaken,
This Night—that by a Mile his Mark he's missing,
We'll prove—by off—off—off—and Dint of hissing.
So now, my Bloods—for sure he ne'er can doubt it,
Damn him at once — and never pause about it.

Enter, hastily, a suppos'd Friend to the AUTHOR.

Hold, Sirs—for God sake, Ladies, stop the Blow,
And from your gentle Breasts let Pity flow :
Let Mercy mix with all those noble Parts,
That Heaven has gave, to subdue our Hearts.

Turning

Turning to the Comedian.

Begone ! you cruel—curst Barbarian—go
 Down to the Abyſs of Eternal Woe.
 You baſe, hard-hearted, ſneering, hideous Fiend,
 That ne'er was yet a ſtarving Poet's Friend ;
 Who knows the Fellow's grown with Hunger ſick,
 And haſn't Credit for a Penny Brick.
 His Goods are ſeiz'd — there's nothing but Di-
 ſtraction,
 H'aſ pawn'd his Coat, to keep his Jaws in Action.
 His Shirt, poor Soul, is from the Collar tearing,
 His Breeches, Shoes and Stockings, want repair-
 ing,
 Such Cloaths—Good Lord ! Well, bleſs me, if I had
 'em,
 I quickly ſhou'd expect to be an *Adam*——
 For all the Fellow's drove to ſuch Extremes——
 For Want of Wit—to poliſh up his Schemes ;
 And tho' I'm at him, ev'ry now and then,
 I can't perſuade him to lay down his Pen ;
 For when I jeer him—he plucks up his Spirit,
 And tells me, very few are rais'd by Merit.
 Tho' Poverty has led him ſuch a Dance,
 He hopes one Day of getting rich by Chance.
 If 'tiſn't ſoon——I don't care how he takes it,
 Faith, I muſt tell him, that he'll make his *Exit*.
 For in ſo wide and dark a Wilderneſs
 Of Sorrow, Tribulation and Diſtreſs,
 Sure never was poor Poet ſeen before,
 Knocking at cruel Death's tremendous Door ;

Then let me beg, before the Fellow starves,
 That you'll indulge him more than he deserves;
 Mildly consider what this Night ye're doing,
 And save a tatter'd Wretch from utter Ruin.
 Let him this once your Pity but obtain——
 And he'll be damn'd—whene'er he writes again.

ENCOMIUM on Lord BLAKENEY *.

OF that brave Hero let me sing,
 Who, to his Country and his King,
 Is faithful, just, and true;
 But not of him who was afraid,
 To lend a noble Warrior Aid,
 When Shot like Hail-stones flew.

I sing of him, who long defy'd
 The Pow'r and Threats of *Gallic* Pride,
 And bravely fought each Day;
 Not him, that blustering did go,
 To kill a Thousand at one Blow;
 Then fought, and run away.

* This Encomium has been inserted without his Lordship's Knowledge.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen and Ladies,

The following Copies are selected from *Mother Midnight's Comical Pocket-Book; or, a Bone for the Criticks*, publish'd by LANCELOT, our doggre Author, some Years ago; which is all the Nonsense he ever publish'd, before these his unmeaning Lucubrations:

And he might safely take his Oath,
That all the Town will d—n 'em both;
Be that as 'twill——Here comes the Stuff,
To make the Book look large enough;
For Half a Crown's a weighty Charge;
It ought to purchase something large.

THE uncommon comical Author of this curious, correct, uncommon Medley, for leading astray one of the old sanctified Lady's Performers, when she gave Caudle in the *Hay-Market*, was utterly abandoned by his antient and venerable Grandmother; which put the poor Rogue to such unmerciful Shifts, that ever since he has had such a terrible Whizzing in his Head, that he has been oblig'd to commence Author for a small Livelihood.——But alas! so sensible he is of the Wickedness and Ingratitude of Mankind, that 'tis really excessive hard to get a Penny in an honest Way——which makes him scribble in a very sorrowful and despairing Condition. But if that unpardonable Whore, Fortune, should chance to over-reach his Expectations,

tions, his dismal Garret may soon be transform'd to a handsome Parlour, and his contemptible Rags to a Beaux Wedding Suit.—Having thus reckon'd his Chickens, he leaves them to the Mercy of a censuring Age to be hatch'd ; humbly hoping, they will be so charitable as to sit carefully over them—looking over the numerous Follies of headstrong Youth, and forgive his following the empty ridiculous Fashions of the Town.

In the first Leaf of the Pocket-Book, is curiously represented, a compleat Set of Tea-Drinkers, which my old Grandmother discover'd at a Milliner's Shop in the City, and took down as follows :

WHY female Minds are overcharg'd with
Spleen,
What forms Ill-nature, and promotes Chagrine ;
Why *Phyllis* frets, when *Flora* is a Toast,
How Fans are broke, and Reputations lost ;
I sing a Theme—how irksome to explore,
Things unattempted—and unknown before.
Ye virtuous Wives, and antiquated Maids,
Who hate the Plays, and shuns the Masquerades ;
Ye wanton Prudes, who oft in Secret sin ;
Ye who are not—and you who once have been ;
To you alone my sage Advice is due ;
I rail at others—but I sing to you :
Then while your antient Mother strains her Throat,
Be ye attentive to her lab'ring Note ;

From

From eastern Climes, and Regions far away,
 Where distant *Phæbus* paints the rising Day,
 The anxious Pilot does the Vessel steer ;
 For nothing can be useful that is near :
 Green are its Leaves, and pleasant to the View,
 Nor boasts th' untrodden Grass a fairer Hue ;
 The Smell how fragrant ! and the Form how nice !
 'Tis good in ev'ry Thing, but in the Price :
 Unnumber'd Sums the wearied Merchants get,
 And Husbands tremble at th' approaching Fleet ;
 I wist not what its Name in Heav'n may be,
 To us below 'tis known by that of TEA.
 Ladies of all Degrees on this repast,
 For all Degrees for Mischief have a Taste.
 High from the Floor, a shining Fabrick stands,
 No awkward Product of domestick Hands ;
 Four ebon Columns the Machine uphold,
 Adorn'd with figures, and enrich'd with Gold ;
 Of painted Vessels next—a gaudy Train
 Stand rank'd in Order on the loaded Plain :
 Lo ! these, the Pride of each well polish'd Dame,
 Gay, like themselves—and brittle as their Fame.
 The Table now display'd in all its Grace,
 Each proper Gossip takes her proper Place :
 And now the Tongue for railing they prepare,
 For Scandal must be forc'd upon the Fair.
Cbloe has made a tedious Country Jaunt ;
 They say she only went to see her Aunt ;
 'Tis true, it matters not to them nor us,
 Only some People love to make a Fuss :

Where

Where *Flora* buys her Washes 'tis unknown,
 But I am sure she lays 'em roundly on:
 How alter'd is *Dorinda* grown of late?
 How pale her Face—how aukward is her Gait?
 I'm sure *Clarinda*'s Breath smells very strong;
Phyllis has got the Devil of a Tongue.
 The Colour of this Tea is very high;
 'Tis nothing like the same I us'd to buy;
 The Grocer, Ma'am's a very honest Man;
 Lord, Ma'am, they all will cheat ye, if they can.
Lydia, I'm told, is going to *Bath* next Summer;
 I'm sure her Patches don't at all become her.
 A Slice of Bread and Butter d'ye chuse?
 Oh, lud! I've got the finest Piece of News;
 The Lawyer lately, Ladies, let me tell ye,
 Turn'd *Polly* off, and now he lives with *Nelly*:
 A fine Exchange!—foh—how the Slut does stink!
 Your Tea'll be cold—Madam, why don't you
 drink?

How much perverted now are Female Ways,
 Since Times of Yore—in *Bessy*'s golden Days;
 When hearty Food for Spleen was a Relief,
 And Dames of Honour breakfasted on Beef;
 With pond'rous Joints the groaning Boards were
 spread,
 And ev'ry Damsel had her Pound of Bread;
 Then cou'd Belles with Belles, and Toasts with Toasts
 agree;
 They knew no Scandal, for they drank no Tea.
 Take heed, ye Fair, your own Conditions know,
 Permit not Beauty to be Beauty's Foe;

From

From common Enemies yourselves defend,
 And strive at least to be each other's Friend ;
 Our stand'ring Sex have Arts enough in store,
 Nor need your joint Endeavours furnish more :
 If Tea must flourish—let your Theme be Beaux,
 Pins—Fashions—Flounces—Fops, and Furbuloes.
 Let all your Calumny on Men be thrown ;
 Spare not their Faults—but strive to hide your own.

An Epigram on Beau STRUT,

*One of my old Grandmother's Cousins, who calls
 himself a thorough Churchman.*

TO Church Beau *Strut* does often creep,
 But ne'er stays till its o'er;
 He just walks in, and takes a Peep,
 Sneaks out at t'other Door.

Glass a'ter Glass—Pot a'ter Pot,
 He'll tofs off by the Dozen ;
 Then has'nt my old Grannum got
 A Churchman for her Cousin.

Mother MIDNIGHT'S POWER of GOLD.

I.

GOLD! thou art lovely to the Eyes,
What Charms are in a Bribe?
'Tis for thy Sake they naturalize
A crucifying Tribe.

II.

The crafty Lawyers often lye,
And pawn their Souls for thee ;
The Criminal, that's doom'd to die,
Is by thy Pow'r set free.

III.

In northern Climes, for want of thee,
Higblanders did rebel ;
The *Dutchmen* did their Country
For Lucre of thee sell.

IV.

Whitfield can quickly cure your Soul,
When Conscience makes sad Moan ;
And *Rock* can make your Body whole,
Tho' rotten to the Bone.

V.

Unless they think their Bargain sure,
For Gold they've such an Itch,
One soon forgets the Way to cure,
And t'other how to preach.

VI.

VI.

That Modesty which you behold
 In *Cloe's* all a Cheat;
 Attack her Virgin Fort with Gold,
 You'll soon the Conquest get.

JOHN'S MESSAGE:

Or, *The long-headed Footman.*

JOHN takes his Message at the Door,
 And to himself repeats it o'er :
 First, to my Lady *Gadabout*,
 And if her Ladyship's gone out ;
 Enquire for how long Time she's gone,
 Ask if she put her Pinnars on ;
 How many Hours in Dress she spent ;
 And learn which Way her Chariot went ;
 Then quickly from her House repair,
 To Lady *Prim*, in *Gre'venor's-square* ;
 Enquire after Master *Dick*,
 And hope her Lap-dog is n't sick ;
 From her immediately retreat
 To Madam *Flirt*, in *Essex street* ;
 Ask how she lik'd the Play last Night,
 And if to-day her Head is right ;
 Enquire what Time she went to Bed,
 Learn if last Night alone she laid ;

Ask if the Coachman lost his Place,
 For coughing in my Lady's Face ;
 Then run away to hear the News,
 At Lady *Bauble's* near the *Mews* ;
 For Visiting, must leave a Card :
 Such Messages are very hard.



The AUTHOR's Satire on his own Teeth,

Wrote after five Days horrid Affliction.

SUPPOSE, ye cruel Bones, I in my Passion,
 Shou'd root ye from your native Habitation,
 How wou'd your sudden——violent Disaster
 Make ye lament to lose so good a Master ?
 Whose tender Mind, such Diligence does follow,
 As scarce to let ye be one Minute hollow :
 Traytors——I serve ye first ; for let me tell ye,
 Ye're sure to have it, if I starve my Belly ;
 Ungrateful Monsters!—dare ye longer slight me,
 With racking Torture——for my Care requite me ;
 By Scripture taught—Mark, Rebels, what I say,
 Stop raging—or, I'll throw ye all away.

T O M R A M B L E's *Conversion.*

T O M *Ramble* t'other Sunday, a'ter Dinner,
 Who has these ten Years been a horrid Sinner,
 Left all his old Companions in the Lurch,
 And wisely took a pious Trip to Church ;

Where

Where something very moving was relating,
 Which strangely prov'd so very penetrating,
 That if you wou'dn't have a Lie inserted,
Tom ever since that Time has been converted :
 Go where he will, so much to Good he's leaning,
 Religion's all the Subject of his Meaning ;
 H'as bid adieu to *Nancy*, *Kate*, and *Polly*,
 To smiling *Chloe*, *Sue*, and buxom *Dolly*.
 To shun ill Paths, like *Tom*, is mighty wise ;
 And I'm in Hopes he'll hold it till he dies ;
 With little Care—he now may Heaven merit,
 Unless he lets the Flesh o'ercome the Spirit :
 But if the carnal Part should prove prevailing,
 He'll meet some poor unhappy Quaker's Failing ;
 And then in spite of every Virtue past,
 Must die a wicked Protestant at last.

An A C R O S T I C K.

A h ! Heav'ns ! how she stinks, her Body's tainted,
W itness, ye Gods——her tallow Face is painted ;
H ell take the Brute——she hasn't a handsome Fea-
 ture,
 O h, curse the nauseous, filthy, common Creature.
R ude as the northern Blast is her Behaviour,
E ight thousand Priests from Hell cou'd never save
 her.

An

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on

Miss

F or Brightness match her with the dark Eclipses ;
O r let's compare her to the *Norwood* Gypsies ;
R otten her Teeth are—and her Breath's most vile ;
D esttruction meets the Man that 'tends her Smile,

My Grandmother lately having had Intelligence that Madam *Belinda* has given herself a great many unnecessary *Airs*, putting her under the Denomination of an old, withered, ugly, deform'd Skeleton, and speaking in a very scandalous and disrespectful Manner, telling both her Printer and Publisher, that a Woman of her Years might be ashamed of herself, to write such a Parcel of paltry Nonsense ; that it would become her a great deal better to think of her Grave, and prepare herself for another World, aluding, that by the Course of Years she can hardly live above a Month longer : For these and the like Proceedings, I do assure the little pert Hussy, that she has put my poor old Grannum into a terrible Passion ; and she declares, that the first Visit she pays, will be at her Ladyship's Lodgings ; and though her Spirits are greatly depressed by the Infirmary of old Age, if she cannot rally her to her Satisfaction, she is determined to bring upward of a Thousand noisy Hawkers, who, by a great and visible Extension

of

of their Throats, will not only disturb her, but the whole Parish that she lives in—and in the mean while has given me strict Orders to write a small Description of her Character, as follows :

BELINDA'S CHARACTER.

A Little flutt'ring idle Creature,
 An Oddity of human Nature ;
 An artful—sly, intriguing W——re,
 That back-bites me from Door to Door ;
 Does all her Time in Dress employ,
 And sighs for ev'ry foolish Toy :
 ' A great deal better fed than taught,
 ' Not half so virtuous as she's thought ;
 ' Can never hold her Tongue a Minute,
 ' Tho' all she prates has nothing in it ;
 She's always making great Pretence,
 To Manners—Learning—Wit—and Sense ;
 But is the most compleatest Ass,
 That ever look'd in Looking-glass ;
 In her all Imperfections meet,
 And ev'ry one out-stinks *Fish-street*.

TEAR-FOWL's Conscience.

MY Conscience is so very small,
 That 'tis next kin to none at all ;
 ' I Proofs of this cou'd give you Plenty,
 ' But One will serve as well as Twenty :

When

When at the consecrated Door,
 I gather'd Money for the Poor ;
 Then Charity did much prevail,
 For Silver dropp'd as fast as Hail ;
 I got a Plate full in an Hour,
 Thank Heav'n for so kind a Show'r :
 Then Satan gave my Breast a Knock,
 But Conscience stoutly stood the Shock :
 The Devil strongly did insist,
 That half the Money'd not be miss'd,
 And bid me slyly take it off ;
 I thought a Quarter'd be enough :
 Tho' strong Resistance Nick did make,
 The Devil a Farthing more I'd take ;
 Let those whose Trust like mine is large,
 Careful like me—the same discharge ;
 Nor let *Old Nick* their Senses bubble,
 With more than what is worth their Trouble ;
 Then they——unless the Parsons lie,
 Will go to Heaven when they die.

A LOVE LETTER,

*Which a giddy young Spark sent to my Grandmother,
 when she went to a Boarding School.*

I.

DEAR Charmer, to trifle no longer presume,
 Since Beauty and Life are uncertain ;
 To-day you're alive in the midst of your Bloom,
 And old enough—were you but Thirteen.

II.

II.

To-morrow the Heat of our Passions may cool,
Of Suitors you'll not have such Plenty ;
So wise the Town's grown, that he's reckon'd a
Fool,
Who courts a young Girl that's turn'd Twenty.

III.

Then, *Mary*, with Diligence heed what I've writ,
I'll praise you from Topknot to Shoe-tye ;
My Tongue shall for ever proclaim you a Wit,
And none can deny you're a Beauty.

Another L E T T E R,

From an Admirer, about the same Time as the other.

[But this young Gentleman could never expect to have a beautiful Lady's Affections settled on him ; for he seems to express himself in a careless jesting Manner, and unhappily tells too much of his Mind before-hand.]

To Miss MARY MIDNIGHT.

POLLY, how cruel you are grown,
To let me sigh—to Skin and Bone ;
Alas ! how can you laughing shun
Your amorous walking Skeleton ?

Oh ! Miss, cou'd you but feel a Pain,
 Just in the Part where I complain,
 'Tis Ten to One, to set you right,
 But I shou'd get a Kifs To-night :
 A Kifs, said I—One wou'd not do ;
 You'd bid me take a Dozen or Two :
 Then Heaven grant, that you may feel
 The Force of *Cupid's* temper'd Steel ;
 That you for me may scorch and burn,
 And I have at you——in my Turn :
 Of Plague you then shou'd have your Share,
 For when I'd kifs'd you to a Hair,
 I'd turn you, *Polly*, quite adrift,
 And for yourself I'd let you shift.

*The following V E R S E was left at my Office
 one Execution Day, by an elderly Gentleman,
 who call'd himself a Christian ; and begg'd of
 me to persuade my Grandmother to let it have
 a Place in her Pocket-Book.*

THE Poor who robb'd, to get a little Food,
 Have died unpitied by a Multitude,
 And at old *Tyburn* made their dying Speech,
 Which groans for thousands, that it cannot reach.

*The Humble Petition of Hannah Starvechild.**Humby Sheweth,*

THAT your poor Petitioner has lately sustained several unsufferable Losses, by trusting the following Scoundrels :

	<i>l.</i>
<i>Andrew Idle</i> , a cringing Courtier —	200
<i>Benjamin Bankrupt</i> , an old shifting Citizen	500
<i>Christopher Crazy</i> , a mad Doctor —	100
<i>Charles Cbeatall</i> , a pitiful Pay-master —	150
<i>Peter Paynone</i> , a crafty Lawyer —	300
<i>Simon Sculk</i> , a Stock Broker —	1000
<i>Samuel Sportsman</i> , a noted Cocker —	180
<i>Oliver Wholebones</i> , a cowardly General	500
With <i>George Gripe</i> , an old surly Usurer	800
	—
In all	3730

The greatest Part of this Sum she gain'd by being an Adventurer in the last Lottery—But is now reduc'd to the utmost Extremity ; and humbly implores the charitable Assistance of all Gentlemen Schçemers.

A SARCASTIC ACROSTICK.

*I*n all the various Kinds of human Race,
*O*r ev'n in Brutes some Sparks of Good we trace;
*H*ere sportive Nature err'd, in him we find
*N*o lovely Footsteps of the heavenly Mind.

*G*reat God of Verse! Forgive thy *Vot'ry's*
Crime,
*E*vil's that Subject which debases Rhyme,
*O*r murders Virtue, and destroy our Time.
*R*efuse of all Things, Nature's uncouth Brat!
*G*ot in Incest—What think you, Wretch, of that?
*E*ndless the Task, thy Vices to count o'er.

*E*ndless, as numb'ring the Sands upon the Shore!
*L*azy, unjust! no Friend to God or Man,
*L*yar most base! outlie him if you can!
*I*n vain his Vices are so deeply sown,
*O*f all Mankind he is the vilest grown;
*T*hen Devil close the Scene, and take thine own!
 A broken Broker.

An Odd EPIGRAM.

HARD by his Lordship's Gate stands Duns, a
 Crew;
 He'll pay 'em——when h'as nothing else to do.

AARON

A A R O N the J E W's E P I T A P H.

IF Fame tells true
Of this old *Jew*,
In half her public Thrillings,
Here lies a Rogue,
A whoring Dog,
And the worst of scoundrel Villains.

W. A. the Red-hot W E L S H M A N's
E P I T A P H.

OF your old Slave accept this Verse,
Whose Freedom came with your Hearse ;
While to the Grave your Corpse did ride,
One less lamented never dy'd ;
For all the Way you pass'd along,
These were the Murmurs of the Throng ;
He ne'er did Wrong against his Will,
He us'd but ev'ry Body ill ;
He had a Wife, he had a Child,
The first he beat, the last he spoil'd ;
He'd many a Man, he'd many a Maid ;
For none a Fortnight with him staid ;
He'd walk out early, reel home late,
And was a drunken Reprobate ;
But now he's gone, and here he lies,
Unless *Old Nick* has seiz'd his Prize.

P E T E R

PETER GREEDY, the Church-warden's
E P I T A P H.

HERE lies a mercenary Elf,
Who liv'd near *Gray's-Inn* Gardens;
He kept the Silver to himself,
And gave the Poor the Farthings.

A N O T H E R,

Design'd for that well-known facetious Mortal, late of
Sadler's Wells, P. H.

HERE lies the Bones of *Peter Hough*,
Of *Sadler's-Wells*, and that's enough.

Mr. M A D D O X's E P I T A P H.

LO! in the silent Grave is hurl'd,
The Pride and Wonder of the World :
Death, 'twas a cruel, sad Disaster,
To rob us of our Ballance-Master ;
Britons, you'll never make Amends ;
Sadler's and you will ne'er be Friends :
Depend on't, if that Way you pass,
They'll strive to break your Hour-glass ;

They'll

They'll knock thee down, and steal thy Dart ;
I wish they may, with all my Heart.

Mr. WILLIAMS's EPITAPH.

A Cruel Hornpipe—was his Death,
He danc'd himself quite out of Breath ;
Ye Fiddlers all, who saw him drop,
'Twas barb'rous of ye, not to stop ;
Ye know he always danc'd about,
Until such Time your Tune was out ;
Wou'd ye from Calumny escape,
Bind all your Fiddles up in Crape ;
Use 'em no more—than once a Quarter,
And cut your Tunes a great deal shorter :
Matthews and Davenport beware,
To Fiddles lend but little Ear ;
Lest you, like *Billy*, out of Breath,
Shou'd drop, and die a dancing Death.

Dr. ROCK's EPITAPH.

ALL you that have old Relicks got,
Of—Itch—P—x—Gout—or God knows
what ;
To this dumb Monument repair,
And of its Virtue steal a Share ;

You

You ne'er can think the Trouble much,
 To give the Doctor's Tomb a Touch ;
 You in an Instant 'twill revive,
 And make the carnal Part alive ;
 'Twill cure you when Physicians lye,
 In telling that you'll quickly die.

Captain FLASH'S EPITAPH.

DEATH at the Captain's Chamber knock'd,
 His Sword was drawn—his Hat was cock'd ;
 Busy a laying the Matter out,
 Of putting Fifty to the Rout ;
 Swore in the Streets dead Men were plenty,
 For he that Day had kill'd just Twenty ;
 And wou'd have made it up two Dozen,
 But was prevented by his Cousin :
 Death cou'd not bare to hear him prate,
 At such a mon'strous lying Rate ;
 Open he burst the Hero's Door,
 And cry'd, *Flash*—you must kill one more.
 Zounds! *Flash* replies, I'll do't with Ease ;
 Dam'me, a hundred, if you please :
 Quoth Death, I doubt not but you can,
 But let me perish, I'm your Man.
 Death look'd on *Flash*—*Flash* look'd on him,
 But didn't like a Foe so grim.
Flash was for bidding Death good bye ;
 But Death, ye know, is dev'lish sly ;

He

He kill'd the Captain unawares,
 Before h'ad Time to say his Prayers ;
 Then seiz'd the pert humbugging Knave,
 And made him pris'ner in the Grave ;
 Setting ten thousand Worms upon him,
 And bid 'em make a Supper on him.

My W I F E ' s E P I T A P H.

OLD Time I give thee hearty Thanks,
 For Women play so many Pranks,
 That till thy Scythe it's Pow'r has shown,
 We scarce can call one Hour our own ;
 What Transport did my Bosom fill,
 To pay the Undertaker's Bill ;
Item—for Shroud—Pall—Hearse and Coffin,
 Such Charges come not very often ;
 A Grave, Tombstone and Epitaph,
 To think on't makes a Body laugh ;
 But since she's been so kind to leave me,
 Nor does expect her Death to grieve me ;
 Her Expectations I'll not baulk,
 Nor one Word more about her talk.

My P A W N B R O K E R ' s E P I T A P H.

IF on this Tomb you cast your Eyes,
 You'll understand, here slumb'ring lies
 A Composition of Deceit,
 A Thief—a Lyar—and a Cheat ;

P

Who

Who ne'er was easy, but when doing
 Something to help poor People's Ruin ;
 Such were the Fruits of *Holdfast's* Labour,
 To plunder, rob, and strip his Neighbour.
 'Tis by his Customers allow'd,
 That Satan took him in his Shroud.

My old Grandmother's E P I T A P H.

MY poor old Grannum has no need of Crutches,
 Now Death has got her fasten'd in his
 Clutches ;
 Ne'er was old Woman, surely, so neglected,
 No Grief—when none but Grief could be expected ;
 But 'tis exactly as my Grannum said,
 Ye'd all behave as if she wasn't dead.

C H L O E ' s E P I T A P H.

STOP, Reader, stop, and shed a Tear,
 All *Europe's* Virtue's buried here ;
Chloe, the fair, the gay, the witty,
 The Pride and Glory of the City ;
 In Beauty's Bloom, as sweet as *May*,
 By cruel Death is snatch'd away.

STARVLING and JOAN'S EPITAPH.

STinking, six Feet beneath this modest Stone,
Lies lousy *Starvling*, and old *Rag-fair Joan*;
Few were their Troubles, and their Tempers easy,
Their Deaths scarce mis'd, their Lives confounded
lazy;

Ambition, Riches, were to them a Stranger;
No Debts they ow'd, nor did they die in Danger:
No partial State Affairs disturb'd their Breast,
No rumbling Coaches robb'd 'em of their Rest;
No Care they knew, nor good, nor bad Advice;
They both liv'd free, from ev'ry Thing but Lice;
But Lice—I'm wrong; concluding, if you please,
Hunting for Lice, sometimes they met with Fleas.

A New S O N G.

O*Bessy* is a tempting Lass,
No common Charms she boasts;
She does for *Venus* often pass,
She is the Toast of Toasts.

II.

Her Cousin *Nancy*, heavenly bright,
Of thousand Girls the rarest,
Gives so much Wonder, and Delight,
We can't tell which is fairest.

III.

Like billing Turtles, void of Harm,
Are these two lovely Cousins ;
They've stole such wond'rous Pow'r to charm,
They kill us by whole Dozens.

IV.

So sweet's their Voices, bright their Eyes,
Their Features so superior,
That blazing Comets in the Skies
Seem to them but inferior.

V.

Their panting Breasts that gently move,
Our am'rous Bosoms fire ;
Those pretty rising Alps of Love,
Are all our Soul's Desire.

VI.

No Odour, from sweet Vi'let Beds,
Nor *Afric's* fragrant Spices ;
As these two fair cœlestial Maids,
So lovely and so nice is.

VII.

No Virgins half so much renown'd,
As these two sparkling Lasses ;
Whom *Venus* and her Son has crown'd,
With all the Loves and Graces.

VIII.

So strong's their Charms, such Pow'r they keep,
That ev'ry Youth's confounded ;
For he that slyly steals a Peep,
Is by an Arrow wounded.

A Burlesque on Damon and Celia.

A S O N G.

I.

TO *Celia* thus fond *Damon* said,
I wish, my Dear, you'd go to Bed ;
I'm sure 'tis very late ;
Besides, the Wine I've drank, he cry'd,
Has made me almost stupified,
It so distracts my Pate.

II.

Some Women wou'd their Husbands scold ;
But *Celia*, worth her Weight in Gold,
Has no such Habit got ;
Her lovely Cheeks, bedew'd in Tears,
Cries, Love, I'm in ten thousand Fears,
That you will grow a Sot.

III.

Drinking, my Dear, I'll soon leave off,
Or learn to know when I've enough.
And home return to thee ;
Believe, for once, your *Damon's* Word,
Sweet Angel, you may be assur'd,
I'll not a Drunkard be.

IV.

His Promise set her Heart at rest,
She *Damon* kiss'd, herself undrest ;
They joyful went to Bed :
But what was done, when they were there,
I know not—nor I do not care ;
So let no more be said.

S O N G

S O N G *the Fourth.*

Wrote on three Ladies of Distinction.

I.

HA I L, gen'rous Beauty, Ladies, hail !
Whom no Perfume exceeds ;
Sweeter than *Arno's* spicy Vale,
Or fragrant flow'ry Meads.

II.

Fresh as the ruddy Summer's Morn,
Or driz'ling *April* Show'rs ;
Or dew on ripening Crops of Corn,
Or busy Winds on Flow'rs.

III.

As costly Diamonds from afar,
So rich your Minds do prove ;
Bright as the glitt'ring Morning Star,
And gentle as the Dove.

IV.

Kinder than Winds, when Zephyr blows,
Whereby the Lilly's fann'd ;
The Picture of the blushing Rose,
That tempts the Gatherer's Hand.

V.

Each wond'rous pleasing Charms ye wear,
With ev'ry Virtue grac'd ;
As *Hebe* sweet, as *Helen* fair,
And as *Diana* chaste.

VI.

The Pride of *Britain's* Isle ye're grown,
Like Heaven itself ye seem ;
The Subject of each Youth in Town,
When Beauty is their Theme,

An A C R O S T I C K,

Wrote on that notorious Offender,

N o Mortal yet cou'd catch him ever,
O ut of Mischief he is never ;
B ad enough, by all Report,
O ften hunted for at Court ;
D ead, when all's alive and well,
Y ou, no Doubt, his Name can tell.

A C A S T L E built in the A I R ;

O R,

The A U T H O R ' S D R E A M.

A S Dreams the Mind of Man bewitch,
He's growing poor, or getting rich ;
No longer than last Night I thought,
That I had in Possession got,
Of hundred Pounds about a Dozen,
And scorn'd to call the King my Cousin ;

Away

Away run I to *Monmouth-street*,
 And quickly made myself compleat ;
 When dress'd, I look'd, I'd have you know it,
 More like a Player, than a Poet,
 Silk Stockings, Pumps, and Silver Buckles,
 With Ruffles hanging o'er my Knuckles ;
 With Baver lac'd, Bag-Wig, and Sword,
 I cou'd, ye know, such Things afford ;
 The flatt'ring Looking-glass display'd
 How fine I was by Fortune made ;
 Ten thousand times I thank'd the Jilt,
 Then drew my Sword—admir'd the Hilt ;
 Thought that I cou'd an Army kill,
 As fast as Captain *Bobadil* ;
 Fancy'd I cut a better Dash,
 Than either he——or Captain *Flash* ;
 Tho' with Amazement I was struck,
 I laugh'd to think I'd got such Luck :
 The Scale being turn'd, how quickly those,
 That were but t'other Day my Foes,
 Now to my Favour made Pretence,
 Filling their Mouths with Compliments ;
 One cries—Well now, as I'm alive,
 Author, I'm glad to see you thrive ;
 You know I always us'd to say,
 Before 'twas long you'd shew away ;
 I love your merry Way of hinting ;
 What have you in the Press a printing ;
 You'll come to be, or People lye,
 The Poet Lauret, by and bye ;

Another

Another stops me at his Door,
 Now we shall have it to be sure ;
 Why what a Hurry you are in,
 Pray, where the Devil have you been ?
 You often pass by our Shop ;
 'Tis quite unfriendly, not to stop ;
 My Wife, poor Soul, is very bad,
 To lose her'd make me quite run mad :
 We might be dead, and buried too,
 Egad, 'tis all the same to you :
 Odds heart ! why Poet—faith you shine,
 I'm glad to see you dress'd so fine,
 I hope you'll stay with me and dine ;
 There's Ham and Fowls, if that will do,
 You know you're very welcome too ;
 I've Brandy, Rum, Shrub, fine Arrack,
 Of Wine the richest Frontiniac ;
 A Glass will set your Stomach right,
 And 'twill create an Appetite.
 'Tis *Harry*, bring us up a Quart ;
 Here's t'ye, Sir, with all my Heart :
 Must old Acquaintance be forgot ;
 Before it shall—I'll know for what ;
 Now something's to me recommended,
 Swearing that I shall be befriended ;
 You see the Workmanship is nice ;
 I always ask the lowest Price ;
 'Tis good, and wou'd look grand upon ye,
 But, Sir, I scorn to force it on ye,
 Being almost ready in his Face
 To laugh—I quickly change my Place :

Q

Then

Then to the Coffee-house repair,
 To see what's going forward there ;
 And hear each learned long Debate,
 That's held about the Church and State ;
 First an old Teacher in the Schools,
 Who aw'd at least five hundred Fools,
 Prefages, Wars, and Tribulation,
 But wishes for a Reformation ;
 Hoping that all our Men in Trust
 Will have the Conscience to be just ;
 Most of his Arguments are four,
 Laying all the Blame on Men in Power ;
 He d—ns the Secret Expedition,
 And swears we're in a fine Condition ;
 He raves, and clamours, till he's hoarse,
 Then drops the Thread of his Discourse.
 Another takes the railing Text,
 Grave Physick itches to be next ;
 That old Remover of our Pains,
 Who always wears more Wig than Brains,
 Prepar'd his Lungs, lift up his Head,
 And thus deliberately said ;
 I make no Doubt, you've heard the News,
 How fast they naturalize the *Jews* ;
 I don't above half like that Scheme,
 Our Statesmen sure are in a Dream ;
 New Acts continually they're making,
 The Laws they make—they're often breaking ;
 A dev'lish Rout, some Time ago,
 Was in an Hurry made, ye know,

In ev'ry Corner of the Town,
 For putting Bawdy-houses down :
 'Twas talk'd, that Pimps, and Bawds, and Whores,
 Wou'd stand in Pillories by Scores ;
 Now 'tis all over—fie upon it !
 The Devil a Word is mention'd on it ;
 Which shows those idle, careless Elves,
 Love Bawds and Whores too well themselves.
 I longer cou'd have heard 'em prate,
 But finding it was growing late,
 Waiter, says I, come hither Blockhead,
 Taking a Moidore from my Pocket ;
 Come give me Change, and do it quick,
 Or I shall give your Breech a Kick :
 Look, Sirrah, if you make me wait,
 By all that's good, I'll break you Pate :
 The Waiter, caring not a Farthing,
 Told me he'd stand to no such Bargain ;
 If Kicking with me did agree,
 Swore he cou'd kick, as fast as me ;
 And told me, if I broke his Pate,
 I might repent—when 'twas too late :
 The Rascal put me in a Huff,
 I kick'd—but 'twas the Bed-cloaths off.
 My Head I from the Pillow rears,
 And curse thee, Fortune, was my Pray'rs ;
 Pox take you for a lying Whore,
 If ever I believe you more ;
 May I ne'er dine on Beef and Carrot,
 But starve by Inches in this Garret ;
 Oh, cursed, flatt'ring, damned Dream,
 Methinks I now more wretched seem ;

Farewel Silk Stockings, Pumps, and Buckles,
And Ruffles hanging o'er the Knuckles ;
With Beaver lac'd, Bag-wig, and Sword ;
I'm finely humbug'd, by the L——d ;
There's never nothing got I'll swear,
By building Castles in the Air.

Mother M I D N I G H T's Grace for the
C——hw——ns.

I.

BEhold thy hungry Servants, Lord,
How stately here we sit ;
With great Impatience waiting for
The Product of the Spit.

II.

But now the Dinner's come in View,
Let's Mercy have upon it ;
Of *French* Beans let us leave a few,
And a Bone with something on it.

III.

The Ham and Fowls must be destroy'd,
Before we leave the Dishes ;
And when with Food our Guts are cloy'd,
We'll sit and drink like Fishes.

IV.

Large Sums, by us, the Poor have lost,
Let who will lose, we're Winners ;
While thus, at other Peoples Cost,
We've nice delicious Dinners.

The

V.

The Charges that the Parish pay
 Will ne'er make us uneasy ;
 For while they fret, and fall away,
 We're growing fat and lazy.

My old Granny, taking out her Crutches t'other Morning, was limping through *Hanover-square*, and at one of your wicked Monument Houses (as she calls them) there was a Parcel of Tradesmen, frowning and muttering at an old Man, who she understood was my Lord's Porter—Upon a little Enquiry, she found that the poor Fellows had waited there, to no Purpose, several Mornings running : She desir'd 'em to take an old Woman's Advice, to go home to their Families, and lose no more Time, and for the future work for none but ready Money, promising on their Departure. that she'd let my Lord know, that his Memory was growing very bad ; and, according to her Promise, she, with good Success, sent the following Lines :

From my Pulpit in the Hay-market.

MY LORD,

FOR you, perhaps, it may'nt be common,
 To be reprov'd by an old Woman ;
 Yet you, for once, an Ear may lend her,
 Who's nothing but a Mem'ry Mender ;
 Since by most People 'tis related,
 You're almost superannuated ;

'Tis

'Tis your Misfortune to forget
 You're over Head and Ears in Debt :
 And shou'd your Lordship fail to pay,
 Your Creditors must run away,
 I shou'd be glad to know To-day,
 If ever you intend to pay ;
 And if you do, that some mayn't doubt it,
 When you intend to set about it ;
 And how long Time 'twill take you to
 Give ev'ry Tradesman what's his Due ;
 Then I'll the News communicate
 To Twenty waiting at your Gate,
 Who say, you'll cheat 'em, if you can ;
 I swore you was an honest Man :
 But faith, my Lord, in Swearing so,
 I swore to what I didn't know ;
 To what but very few'll believe,
 Which ought to make your Lordship grieve ;
 The Thoughts on't ought to make you Sweat,
 For Heaven's Sake, get out of Debt,

And you'll highly oblige,

Your shuffling Lordship's

Old and decrepid, bumble Servant,

Mother MIDNIGHT.

The

The following Satirical Sentences were wrote
by my old Grandmother, one rainy Day,
when she was afraid to venture abroad with
her Crutches, for fear of slipping down, and
breaking her antient Limbs.

I.

Advice to my Grandson.

MY Son, if you in Courts design to rise,
Supply your Back with Cloaths, your Tongue
with Lies ;
Always pay Homage to the Petticoat,
You soon shall come to be a Man of Note.

II.

Advice to a Coward.

WHere Faction, Tumults, War, and Strife
reside,
Be sure you always chuse the strongest Side ;
Keep close your Tongue, until the Field you've
won,
And talk of fighting—when the Battle's done.

III.

III.

Advice to a Politician.

BOW to the Clergy, when the Gown you meet.
Humour their Pride, at Home, and in the
Street ;
Dispute no Point of Faith that they maintain,
But yet, like them, making Godliness your gain.

IV.

Wrote on Master JACKY.

NOW Daddy's done the Business to a Hair ;
See, Master *Jacky* does Reg'mentals wear ;
But shou'd a War break out, you know my Meaning.
Jacky's new Breeches sadly wou'd want cleaning.

V.

Advice to Justice *Sloth*.

WHEN at your Door, the noisy Rabble rap,
Don't let 'em wake you, 'till you've had
your Nap ;
Then, yawning in your Chair, that Cause describe
Most favour'ble—that brings the largest Bribe.

A

A Word to my Publisher.

YOU see I've took a deal of Pains,
 To puzzle, rout, and plague my Brains ;
 Thro' many tedious Hours I've past;
 Thank Heaven, I have done at last ;
 'Tis a long Lane, without dispute,
 That has got ne'er a Turning to't :
 Now I'm a reck'ning how 'twill be ;
 First one cries, Sir, I'm come to see
 This Pocket Book you advertise ;
 I fear it has less Truth than Lies :
 However, Sir, to buy't I'm willing,
 If I can have it for a Shilling.
 Next *Fribble* comes to have a Look
 In Mother *Midnight's* Pocket Book ;
 'Cause he was told, by Lady *Prim*,
 That there's some Nonsense writ on him ;
 And stap, his Vitals——If he don't
 Pink the old Hag, for that Affront.
 Now, in the Middle of your Shop,
 Here's half a Dozen Criticks pop ;
 Where is this Bone you've got to pick ?
 Well done, my Dear, we'll make you sick ;
 If you have writ one Line amiss,
 We'll make you dearly pay for this.
 As soon as ever they are gone,
 Here's Fifty drops in, one by one ;
 Come, serve me first——Here, let me pay ye ;
 What is the Price——A Shilling ? say ye——

R

Now

Now eagerly another wishes
For this uncommon Dish of Dishes ;
And now, methinks, I hear you call
For sev'ral Hands to serve 'em all :
Some wait so long, and who could doubt it,
That they're oblig'd to go without it.

F I N I S.

Reader Sings.

The E R R A T A.

To the Tune, Derry-down.

WHY what a damn'd whimsical Son of a Whore,
This *Lancelot* is—He is mad to—be sure—
What the Devil can F I N I S in Capitals mean,
'Tis odd, one at once shou'd both end and begin.
Derry-down, &c.

LANCELOT

LANCELOT Sings.

Tune, *Children in the Wood.*

Oh yes, 'tis odd——O yes, O yes,
Let me, for once, turn Cryer.
Oh yes, this is to give Notice,
I'm full of Wrath and Ire.

Tune, *Old Sir Simon the King.*

The Printer's a Son of a Wh——e,
He'll certainly go to Old Nick ;
An Acrostick he's printed twice o'er,
And that's a damn'd slovenly Trick.
His Pages, Plague rot him, run double ;
The Verses that's under the Duke
Is turn'd into strange Hubble-Bubble,
When I read 'em, I'm ready to p——ke.
Tol, lol, lol.

Tune, *Doodle doo, paw paw paw.*

O, Printer, what do you deserve?
Instead of (*see*) you've printed (*serve*)—
I'd not serve you so ill, you know ;
S'death, how cou'd you serve me so ?
Doodle doo, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Fare you well, good Mr. Jew,*

To be sung by the Printer.

Pray, Mr. *Lancelot,*

Let's have none of your Impertinence,
There's nothing that ever you wrote
In your Life—that had in it a Grain of Sense.
You make me so mad, I cou'd swear,

If you hope for to publish next Winter, Sir,
Carry your Copies elsewhere,

For, d——n me, if I'll be your Printer, Sir,

Fal, la, la.

